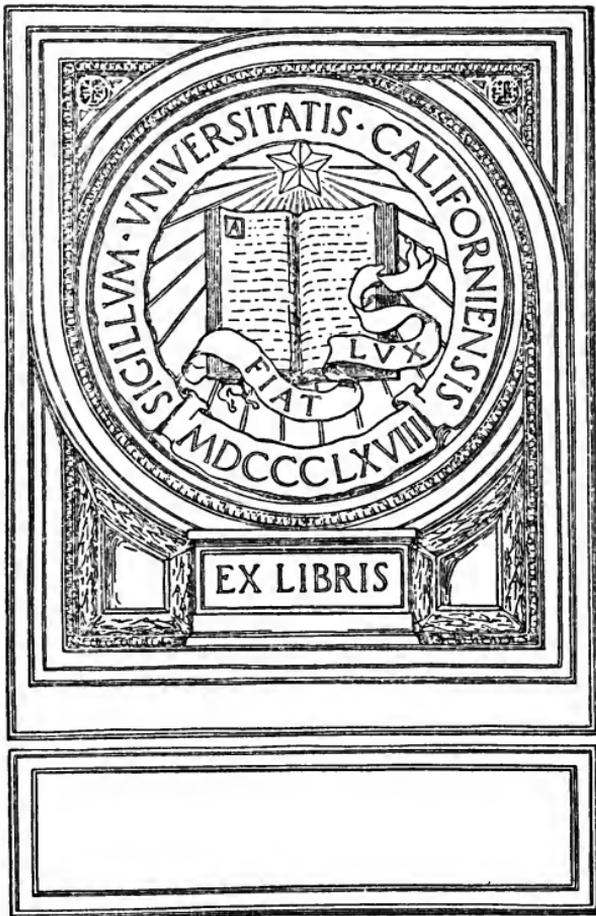


BY
ADAMS
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STRAUSS
AND
OTHER POEMS





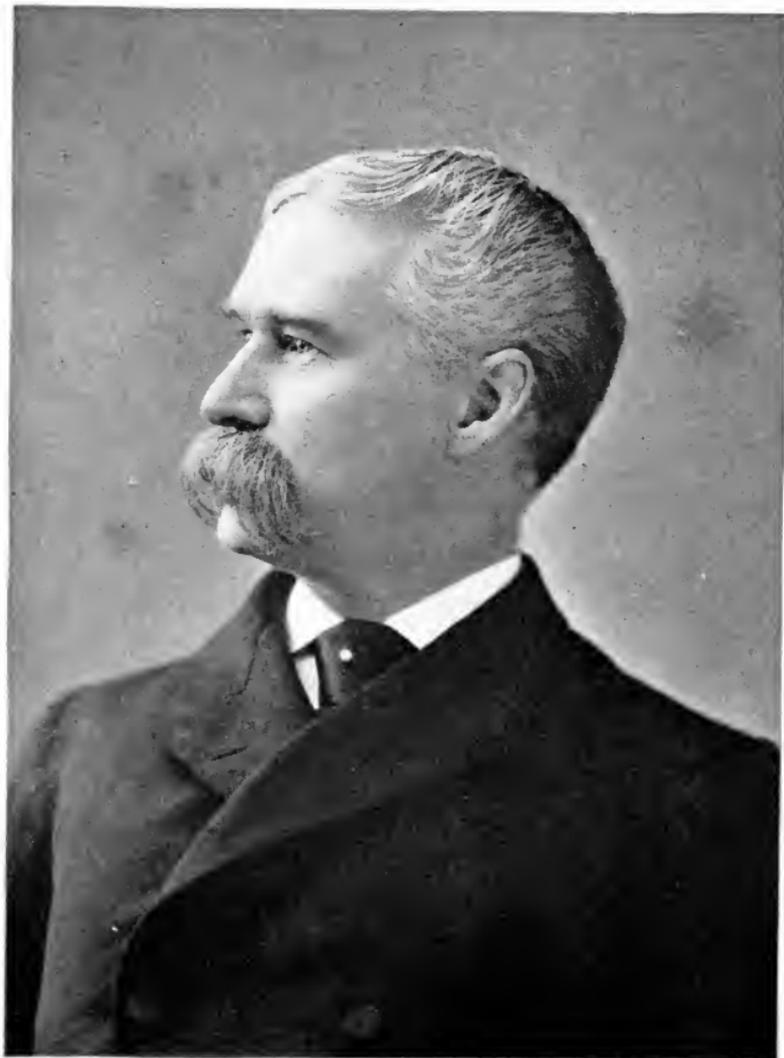
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CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

YAWCOB STRAUSS

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY "BOZ"



BOSTON

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

TO THE
AMERICAN

Published, August, 1910.

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YAWCOB STRAUSS.

PREFACE.

IN presenting a complete volume of his poems, the author would call attention to the fact that the first part of the book, to page 145 inclusive, consists of his first collection of poems, with their original illustrations, published under the title "Leedle Yawcob Strauss, and Other Poems," in 1878. The poems immediately following, to page 255 inclusive, comprised the second volume, entitled "Dialect Ballads, by Yawcob Strauss," published in 1888. The additional poems are those that have been written since the latter date. In the preface of his first book the author alluded to the crudities incident to a writer's first collection of poems, particularly when that writer was a business man, moving only in the mercantile world. While the issue of an abridged edition would, perhaps, at this

PREFACE.

time be the wiser course to pursue, the author has concluded to present his work, as originally written, leaving the reader to cull the wheat from the chaff, if, perchance, the wheat may be in evidence. All of the illustrations contained in this book are by "Boz" (Mr. Morgan J. Sweeney), to whom the author feels largely indebted for his invaluable coöperation.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

July, 1910.



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"I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazzy poy." — PAGE 15.



YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to mine knee ;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts off der house :
But vot off dot ? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt ;
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
Poots schmuff indo mine kraut.



He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese, —
Dot vas der roughest chouse :
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schticks to beat it mit,—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!



I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
He kicks oup sooch a touse:
But nefer mind; der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

He asks me questions sooch as dese :

Who baints mine nose so red ?

Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt

Vrom der hair ubon mine hed ?



Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp

Vene'er der glim I douse.

How gan I all dose dings eggsblain

To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss ?

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazzy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
Und beaceful dimes enshoy ;



But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

A HIGHLY-COLORED ROMANCE.



BEN GREEN was a New-Hampshire boy,
Who stood full six feet two:
A jovial chap this same Ben Green,
Though he had oft been blue.

He loved a girl named Olive Brown,
Who lived near Bixby's pond,
And who, despite her brunette name,
Was a decided blonde.



“A highly-colored romance.”

A HIGHLY-COLORED ROMANCE.

A pink of rare perfection she,
The belle of all the town ;
Though Ben oft wished her Olive Green,
Instead of Olive Brown.

And she loved Ben, and said that nought
Should mar their joy serene ;
And, when she changed from Olive Brown,
'Twould surely be to Green.

She kept her word in-violet,
And vowed, ere she was wed,
Although when Brown she had Be(e)n Green,
When Green she'd be well read.

But, ah ! her young affections changed
To Gray, a Southern fellow ;
And Green turned white the news to hear,
Though first it made him yell, oh !

A HIGHLY-COLORED ROMANCE.

Says he, "How can you lilac this,
When you vowed to be true?
I'll take your fine young lover, Gray,
And beat him till he's blue."

Then Olive Brown to crimson turned,
And said, "Do as you say:
The country long has wished to see
'The Blue combined with Gray.'"

Ben Green to purple turned with rage,
And black his brow as night;
While on the cheek of Olive Brown
The crimson changed to white.

"O cruel Olive Brown!" says Ben,
"I've been dun-brown by you:
Let this 'Grayback' his steps retrace,
And take Greenback, — oh, do!"

A HIGHLY-COLORED ROMANCE.

Poor Olive Brown, what could she say,
To sea-Green look so sad ?
And so she rose, and said to him,
“ I’ll go and ask my dad.”

.
The years rolled by: Ben’s raven locks
For silver did not lack ;
And Olive, with her hair of gold,
Was glad she took Greenback.



TO BARY JADE.

THE bood is beabig brighdly, love ;
The sdars are shidig too ;
While I ab gazig dreably,
Add thigkig, love, of you.
You caddot, oh! you caddot kdow,
By darlig, how I biss you —
(Oh, whadt a fearful cold I've got! —
Ck-*tish*-u! Ck-ck-*tish*-u!)

I'b sittig id the arbor, love,
Where you sat by by side,
Whed od that calb, autubdal dight
You said you'd be by bride.



“Ho-rash-o! — there it is agaid, —
Ck-thrash-ub! Ck-ck-tish-u!” — PAGE 26.

TO BARY JADE.

Oh! for wud bobedt to caress
Add tederly to kiss you ;
Budt do! we're beddy biles apart —
(*Ho-rash-o! Ck-ck-tish-u!*)

This charbig evedig brigs to bide
The tibe whed first we bet :
It seesb budt odly yesterday ;
I thigk I see you yet.
Oh! tell me, ab I sdill your owd?
By hopes — oh, do dot dash theb!
(Codfoud by cold, 'tis gettig worse —
Ck-tish-u! Ck-ck-thrash-eb!)

Good-by, by darlig Bary Jade!
The bid-dight hour is dear ;
Add it is hardly wise, by love,
For be to ligger here.

TO BARY JADE.

The heavy dews are fallig fast :
A fod good-dight I wish you.
(Ho-rash-o ! — there it is agaid —
Ck-thrash-ub ! Ck-ck-tish-u !)





THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

I'm a proken-hearted Deutscher,
Vot's villed mit crief und shame.
I dells you vot der drouple ish:
I doosn't know my name.

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

You dinks dis fery vunny, eh?
Ven you der shtory hear,
You vill not vonder den so mooch,
It vas so schtrange und queer.

Mine moder had dwo leedle twins;
Dey vas me und mine broder:
Ve lookt so fery mooch alike,
No von knew vich vrom toder.

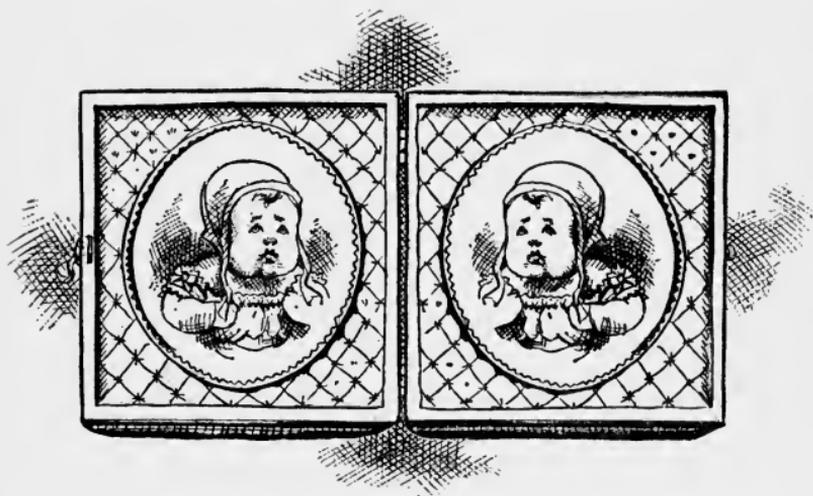
Von off der poys vas "Yawcob,"
Und "Hans" der oder's name:
But den it made no tifferent;
Ve both got called der same.

Vell! von off us got tead, —
Yaw, Mynheer, dot ish so!
But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
Mine moder she don'd know.

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

Und so I am in drouples :

I gan't kit droo mine hed
Vedder I'm Hans vot's lifing,
Or Yawcob vot is tead!





L-E-G ON A MULE.

DID you hear of the accident, just t'other day, .
That occurred to a youth of the Y. M. C. A.?

One morning, while walking out with his friend
Neff, —

M. W. G. M. of the I. O. O. F., —

L-E-G ON A MULE.

His friend exclaimed suddenly, "Look there, I
say!

There's a chance for the S. F. P. O. C. T. A.!"

A "broth of a boy," who was just from a spree,
Was cruelly beating his m-u-l-e.

Our hero stepped up to expostulate, when
The mule kicked his a-b-d-o-m-e-n.

This doubled him up with a half-muttered phrase,
As foot No. 2 knocked him e-n-d-ways.

They bore him home gently, as gently could be,
And gave him a pint of hot l-oo-t.

A voltaic plaster they placed, *sans* delay,
Where that treacherous mule left his m-a-r-k.

L-E-G ON A MULE.

A hip dislocated ; a general jar ;
Striking proofs of “one-mule p-o-w-e-r.”

When the patient first spoke, what d'ye s'pose he
did say, —

This model young man of the Y. M. C. A. ?

Says he, “I'll be b-l-o-w-e-d
If ever I'll plead for a m-u-l-e !”





ECONOMY.

“THERE’S nothing like economy,”
I heard a chap remark,
Who, judging by his *tout ensemble*,
Had issued from the ark.

ECONOMY.

He was a most peculiar man,
With visage wan and thin,
And liquid drops of amber hue
A-trickling down his chin.

“ They tell us it’s extravagant,”
He added with a shrug,
As he deposited a quid
Within his spacious “ mug,” —

“ They tell us it’s extravagant,
This ‘ chewing of the weed ;’
But only use ‘ economy,’
You’ll never be in need.

“ And this is how to practise it :
Chew your tobacco well,
Using a little at a time, —
It nat’rally will swell ;

ECONOMY.

“Then take the quid and dry it, sir!” —

’Twas thus the fellow spoke,—

“And, when you want a quiet whiff,

Put in your pipe, and smoke.

“And, stranger, after doing this,

If you are fond of snuff,

The ashes that are left behind

Will serve you well enough.

“And thus,” said this peculiar man

(I fear he did but joke,)

“If you will follow my advice,

It will not end in *smoke*.”



PAT'S CRITICISM.



THERE'S a story that's old,
But good if twice told,
Of a doctor of limited skill,
Who cured beast and man
On the "cold-water plan,"
Without the small help of a pill.

On his portal of pine
Hung an elegant sign,
Depicting a beautiful rill,



“Pat, how is that for a sign?” — PAGE 39.

PAT'S CRITICISM.

And a lake where a sprite,
With apparent delight,
Was sporting in sweet dishabille.

Pat McCarty one day,
As he sauntered that way,
Stood and gazed at that portal of pine;
When the doctor with pride
Stepped up to his side,
Saying, "Pat, how is that for a sign?"

"There's wan thing," says Pat,
"Ye've lift out o' that,
Which, be jabbers! is quoite a mistake:
It's trim, and it's nate;
But, to make it complate,
Ye shud have a foine burd on the lake."

PAT'S CRITICISM.

“ Ah! indeed! pray, then, tell,
To make it look well,
What bird do you think it may lack?”
Says Pat, “ Of the same
I've forgotten the name,
But the song that he sings is ‘Quack! quack!’”



RAVENOUS BILL.



OH! a terrible glutton was "Ravenous Bill,"
Mate of the good ship "Whippoorwill;"
And seldom it was he could get his fill;
A fact he oft would mention.

And many a time, when eating his beef,
Would the captain tell him to "take a reef;"
But to such requests he ever was "deaf,"
This being a bone of contention.

RAVENOUS BILL.

He cheated the sailors out of their prog,
Nor left e'en a scrap for the captain's dog:
He was such a gourmand and terrible "hog,"
That he'd "eat you out of your house."



He thought no more of a leg of ham,
A peck of potatoes, and shoulder of lamb,
With all the "fixin's," — wine, jellies, and jam, —
Than a cat would think of a mouse.

RAVENOUS BILL.

At length, on distant Southern sands
The vessel was stranded; and all the hands
Were captured by some of the savage bands
Who lived on that foreign coast.



Poor Bill was taken among the rest,
And became at once a cannibal's guest;
(No pleasant position, it must be confessed,
To wake up some morning already "dressed"
For a native's "fancy roast.")

RAVENOUS BILL.

For want of rations Bill had grown thin,—
Nothing, in fact, but bones and skin;
And his heathen master (as ugly as sin,
To find he'd so badly been "taken in")
Devised a horrible plan.



To wit: a bamboo cage he'd make,
And put in Bill, with a monstrous snake
Called the anaconda, that could easily "take"
Most any "reasonable" man.

RAVENOUS BILL.

At last 'twas finished, — the cage was done ;
The snake was captured, — a monstrous one :
The natives assembled to see the “ fun,”
And “ *settle their Bill,*” they said, as a pun,
Referring to the “ collation.”



Our hero was thrust into the cage
Where the snake was coiling itself with rage,
Eager and waiting its prey to engage, —
An *engaging* occupation.

RAVENOUS BILL.

As Bill and the snake met face to face,
He was folded at once in its close embrace ;
And the natives, thinking he'd "ran his race,"
Began on his fate to ponder ;



When — what d'ye suppose first met their eyes ?
As the dust from the scene did slowly rise,
They found that Bill, to their great surprise,
Had — SWALLOWED THE ANACONDA !

SHONNY SCHWARTZ.

Mine Katrina says to Shonny,
 “ Shonny Schwartz,
Helb your barents all you gan,
For dis life vas bud a shban :
Py und py you'll been a man,
 Shonny Schwartz.”

How I lofes to see dot Shonny —
 Shonny Schwartz —
When he schgampers off to schgool,
Where he always minds der rule !
For he vas nopody's fool, —
 Shonny Schwartz.

How I vish dot leedle Shonny —
 Shonny Schwartz —
Could remain von leedle poy,

SHONNY SCHWARTZ.

Always full off life und shoy,
Und dot Time vould not annoy
Shonny Schwartz!

Nefer mindt, mine leedle Shonny, —
Shonny Schwartz;

Efry day prings someding new:
Always keep der righdt in view,
Und baddle, den, your own canoe,
Shonny Schwartz.

Keep her in der channel, Shonny, —
Shonny Schwartz:

Life's voyich vill pe quickly o'er;
Und den ubon dot bedder shore
Ve'll meet again, to bart no more,
Shonny Schwartz.



A TALE OF A NOSE.

"TWAS a hard case, that which happened in Lynn.
Haven't heard of it, eh? Well then, to begin,
There's a Jew down there whom they call "Old
Mose,"
Who travels about, and buys old clothes.

A TALE OF A NOSE.

Now Mose — which the same is short for Moses —
Had one of the biggest kind of noses :
It had a sort of an instep in it,
And he fed it with snuff about once a minute.

One day he got in a bit of a row
With a German chap who had kissed his *frau*,
And, trying to punch him *à la* Mace,
Had his nose cut off close up to his face.

He picked it up from off the ground,
And quickly back in its place 'twas bound,
Keeping the bandage upon his face
Until it had fairly healed in place.

Alas for Mose ! 'Twas a sad mistake
Which he in his haste that day did make ;
For, to add still more to his bitter cup,
He found he had placed it *wrong side up*.

A TALE OF A NOSE.

“There’s no great loss without some gain;”
And Moses says, in a jocular vein,
He arranged it so for taking snuff,
As he never before could get enough.

One thing, by the way, he forgets to add,
Which makes the arrangement rather bad:
Although he can take his snuff with ease,
He has to stand on his head to sneeze!





TO A DRESSMAKER.

OH! wherefore bid me leave thy side,
Dear Polly? I would ask.
How can I all my feelings cloak
When in thy smiles I basque?
Nay, "Polly-nay," I cannot go!
Oh! do not stand aloof,
When of my warm affection
You possess, oh, wat-er-proof!

TO A DRESSMAKER.

Why will you thus my feelings gore
By sending me away?
You know it's wrong, of corset is,
Thus to forbid my stay.
It seems as though some fell disease
Was gnawing at my heart,
And hem-orrhage would soon ensue
If we, perchance, should part.

Then waist the precious time no more,
But let the parson tie us
Sew firmly that the marriage-knot
Shall never be cut bias.
In peaceful quietude we'll float
On life's unruffled tide,
Nor let the bustle of the world
"Pull-back" as on we glide.

YANKEE SHREWDNESS.



IN a little country village,
Not many years ago,
There lived a real "live Yankee,"
Whom they called "Old Uncle Snow."

In trade he had no equal;
And storekeepers would say,
"We're always 'out of pocket'
When Snow comes round this way."

YANKEE SHREWDNESS.

"Twas the custom of the villagers —
 Few of them being rich —
To trade their surplus "garden-sass"
 For groceries and "sich."

One store supplied the village
 With goods of every kind,
Including wines and liquors
 For those that way inclined.

A counter in the "sample-room"
 Was fixed up very neat;
And after every "barter-trade"
 The storekeeper would "treat."

Old Snow brought in, one morning,
 An egg fresh from the barn,
And said, "Give me a needle:
 My woman wants to darn."



“ Give me another needle, 'Squire;
This egg's the same as two!” — PAGE 60.

YANKEE SHREW DNESS.

The trade was made: the storekeeper

Asked him to take a drink.

“ I’ll humor him,” he said, aside,

As the lookers-on did wink.

“ Don’t care, naow, ef I do,” says Snow ;

“ And, as your goin’ to treat,

Just put a leetle sugar in, —

I like my liquor sweet.

“ And, say, while you’re about it, —

Though I don’t like to beg, —

’Twill taste a *leetle* better

If you drop in an egg.”

“ All right, friend,” says the grocer,

Now being fairly “ caught,”

And dropped into the tumbler

The egg that Snow had brought !

YANKEE SHREWDNESS.

The egg contained a double yolk.

Says Snow, "Here, this won't do:
Give me another needle, 'Squire;
This egg's the same as two!"



LOGIC.



'Tis strange, but true, that a common cat
Has got *ten tails*, — just think of that!

Don't see it, eh? The fact is plain:
To prove it so I rise t'explain.

We say a cat has but one tail:
Behold how logic lifts the veil!

No cat has nine tails: don't you see
One cat has one tail more than she?

LOGIC.

Now add the one tail to the nine,
You'll find a full ten-tailed feline.

.

As Holmes has said, in his "One-Horse Shay,"
Logic is logic; that's all I say.





DER DRUMMER.



Who puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysders on der schell,
Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?

Der drummer.

DER DRUMMER.

Who vas it gomes into mine shtore,
Drows down his pundles on der vloor,
Und nefer shtops to shut der door?

Der drummer.



Who dakes me py der handt, und say,
“ Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day ? ”
Und goes for peesness righdt avay ?

Der drummer.

DER DRUMMER.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me, "Look, und see how nice" ?
Und says I gets "der bottom price" ?

Der drummer.



Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought,
Mooch less as vot I gould imbort,
But lets dem go as he vas "short" ?

Der drummer.

DER DRUMMER.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine, —
“ Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine,” —
Und sheats me den dimes oudt off nine ?

Der drummer.



Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his *route*,
Und ven dey gomes dey vas no goot ?

Der drummer.

DER DRUMMER.

Who gomes aroundt ven I been oudt,
Drinks oup mine bier, and eats mine kraut,
Und kiss Katrina in der mout'?

Der drummer.



Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes away?

Der drummer.



REPARTÉE.

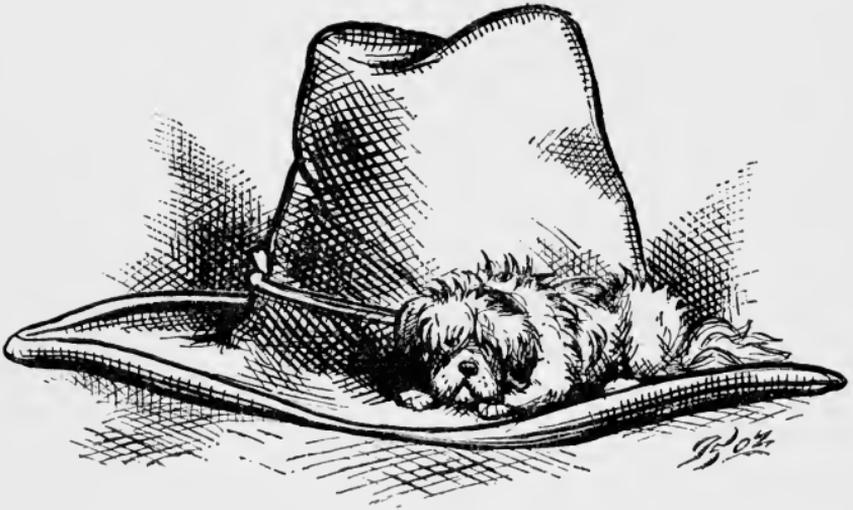
ONE Mr. B——,
A joker he,
While in a jovial mood,
Tried to explain
To neighbor N——
A joke which he thought good.

REPARTEE.

His hearer, Neff,
Was very deaf,
And couldn't catch the joke ;
Whereat B—— smiled,
Though slightly “ riled,”
And thus to him he spoke :—

“ 'Tis plain to *me*
As A B C,
My dear friend, Mr. Neff ! ”
“ Oh, yes ! but then,”
Says Mr. N——,
“ You know *I'm D E F!* ”





FRITZ UND I.

MYNHEER, please helb a boor oldt man
Vot gomes vrom Sharmany,
Mit Fritz, mine tog, und only freund,
To geep me gompany.

FRITZ UND I.

I haf no geld to puy mine pread,
No blace to lay me down;
For ve vas vanderers, Fritz und I,
Und sdrangers in der town.

Some beoples gife us dings to eadt,
Und some dey kicks us oudt,
Und say, "You don'd got peesnis here
To sdrroll der schtreets aboutt!"

Vot's dot you say? — you puy mine tog
To gife me pread to eadt!
I vas so boor as nefer vas,
But I vas no "tead peat."

Vot, sell mine tog, mine leedle tog,
Dot vollows me aboutt,
Und vags his dail like anydings
Vene'er I dakes him oudt?

FRITZ UND I.

Schust look at him, und see him schump!

He likes me pooty vell;

Und dere vas somedings 'bout dot tog,

Mynheer, I wouldn't sell.

“Der collar?” Nein: 'tvas someding else

Vrom vich I gould not bart;

Und, if dot ding vas dook away,

I dink it prakes mine heart.

“Vot vas it, den, aboutt dot tog,”

You ashk, “dot's not vor sale?”

I dells you vot it ish, mine freund:

“Tish der vag off dot tog's dail!”





“Schust look at him, und see him schump!
He likes me pooty vell.” — PAGE 72.

YAW, DOT ISH SO!

YAW, dot ish so! Yaw, dot ish so!

“Dis vorldt vas all a fleeting show.”

I shmokes mine pipe,

I trinks mine bier,

Und efry day to vork I go;

“Dis vorldt vas all a fleeting show;”

Yaw, dot ish so!

Yaw, dot ish so! Yaw, dot ish so!

I don'd got mooch down here below,

I eadt und trink,

I vork und shleep,

YAW, DOT ISH SO!

Und find oudt, as I oldter grow,
I haf a hardter row to hoe;
 Yaw, dot ish so!

Yaw, dot ish so! Yaw, dot ish so!
Dis vorl'dt don'd gife me haf a show;
 Somedings to vear,
 Some food to eadt;
Vot else? Shust vait a minude, dough;
Katrina, und der poys! Oho!
 Yaw, dot ish so!

Yaw, dot ish so! Yaw, dot ish so!
Dis vorl'dt don'd been a fleeting show.
 I haf mine frau,
 I haf mine poys,
To cheer me daily, as I go;
Dot's pest as anydings I know;
 Yaw, dot ish so!



LITTLE TIM'S REVENGE.

“LITTLE TIM” was the name of him
Of whom I have to tell ;
And he abode on the Western road,
In the busy town of L——.

LITTLE TIM'S REVENGE.

As trains went down through the little town,
He peddled through the cars
His stock in trade, — iced lemonade,
Cake, peanuts, and cigars.

Conductor Dunn was the only one
Who'd not this trade allow ;
And so 'twixt him and little Tim
There always was a row.

At last one day they had a fray ;
And Timothy declared
He'd "fix old Dunn, 'as sure's a gun,'"
If both their lives were spared.

So off he went with this intent,
And sold his stock in trade :
His earnings hard he spent for lard,
And started for "the grade."

LITTLE TIM'S REVENGE.

(This place, you know, is where trains go
Upon the steep hillside,
And where — with lard — it isn't hard
To get up quite a slide.)



He took a stick, and spread it thick,
Remarking with a smile,
“ There'll be some fun when Mr. Dunn
Commences to ‘ strike ile ’ ! ”

LITTLE TIM'S REVENGE.

He lay in wait: the train was late,
And came a-puffing hard,
With heavy load, right up the road
To where he'd spread the lard.

They tried in vain: that fated train
Could not ascend the grade:
The wheels would spin with horrid din;
Yet no advance was made.

Then little Tim — 'twas bold in him —
Cried out in accents shrill,
“Remember *me*, Conductor D.,
When you get up the hill!”

MORAL.

Success in trade is up a grade
That we should all ascend,
And with a will help up the hill
Our fellow-man and friend.

LITTLE TIM'S REVENGE.

When "on the road," don't incommode
The seeker after pelf,
Or ten to one, like Mr. Dunn,
You'll not get up yourself.





DOT BABY OFF MINE.

MINE cracious! mine cracious! shust look here
und see

A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe!
Der beoples all dink dot no prains I haf got;
Vas grazzy mit trinking, or someding like dot:
Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine;
Id vas all on aggount off dot baby öff mine.

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

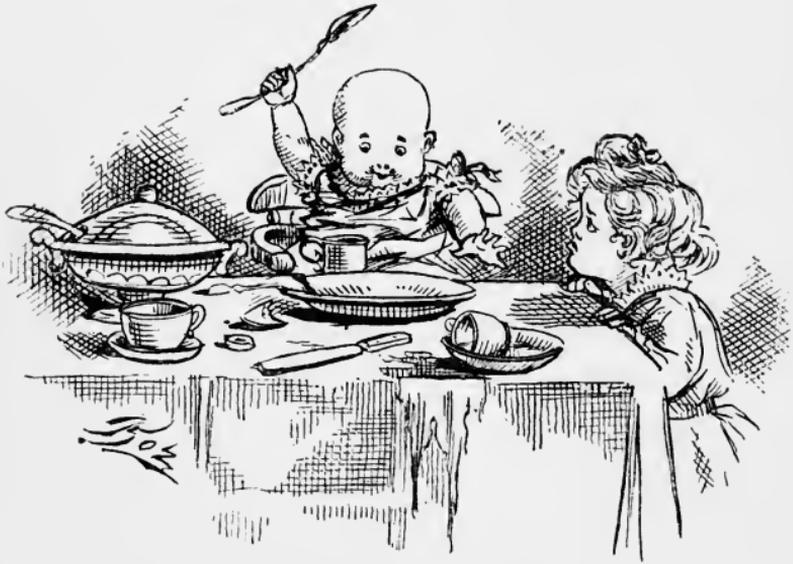


Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer;
Not mooch pigger roundt as a goot glass off
peer;

Mit a bare-footed hed, und nose but a schpeck;
A mout dot goes most to der pack off his neck;
Und his leedle pink toes mit der rest all
combine

To gif sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

DOT BABY OFF MINE.



I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise.
He shust has pecun to shbeak goot English
too ;

Says “Mamma” und “Papa,” und somedimes
“Ah, goo!”

You don’d find a baby den dimes oudt off nine
Dot vas qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

DOT BABY OFF MINE.



He grawls der vloer ofer, und drows dings
aboutd,

Und poots eferyding he can find in his mout ;
He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom
his chair,

Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible scfare.
Mine hair shtands like shquills on a mat borcubine
Ven I dinks off dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

DOT BABY OFF MINE.



Dere vas someding, you pet, I don'd likes pooty vell,
To hear in der nightt dimes dot young Deutscher
yell,

Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es,
While der chills down der shpine off mine pack
quickly goes:

Does leedle shimnasdic dricks vasn't so fine
Dot I cuts oup at nightt mit dot baby off mine.

DOT BABY OFF MINE.



Vell, dese leedle schafers vas going to pe men,
Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den:
Dey vill veer a white shirt-vront inshtead off a bib,
Und wouldn't got tucked oup at nightd in deir crib.
Vell, vell, ven I'm feeble, und in life's decline,
May mine oldt age pe cheered py dot baby off
mine!



JOHN BARLEY-CORN, MY FOE.

JOHN BARLEY-CORN, my foe, John,
The song I have to sing
Is not in praise of you, John,
E'en though you are a king.

JOHN BARLEY-CORN, MY FOE.

Your subjects they are legion, John,
I find where'er I go :
They wear your yoke upon their necks,
John Barley-Corn, my foe.

John Barley-Corn, my foe, John,
By your despotic sway
The people of our country, John,
Are suffering to-day.
You lay the lash upon their backs :
Yet willingly they go
And pay allegiance at the polls,
John Barley-Corn, my foe.

John Barley-Corn, my foe, John,
You've broken many a heart,
And caused the bitter tear, John,
From many an eye to start,

JOHN BARLEY-CORN, MY FOE.

The widow and the fatherless
From pleasant homes to go,
And lead a life of sin and shame,
John Barley-Corn, my foe.

John Barley-Corn, my foe, John,
May Heaven speed the hour,
When Temperance shall wear the crown
And Rum shall lose its power ;
When from the East unto the West
The people all shall know
Their greatest curse has been removed,
John Barley-Corn, my foe!



HANS AND FRITZ.



HANS and Fritz were two Deutchers who lived
side by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride :
With their pretzels and beer the spare moments
were spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and
content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *Geld*, — as they say, —

HANS AND FRITZ.

Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend;
Remarking,—his own simple language to quote,—
“Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note.”

The note was drawn up in their primitive way,—
“I, Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars to-day;”
When the question arose, the note being made,
“Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid?”

“You geeps dot,” says Fritz, “und den you vill
know

You owes me dot money.” Says Hans, “Dot ish so:
Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,
Und I prings you der note und der money some
day.”



“ When the question arose, the note being made,
‘ Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid.’ ” — PAGE 92.

HANS AND FRITZ.

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was
freed.

Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies,
"Yaw:

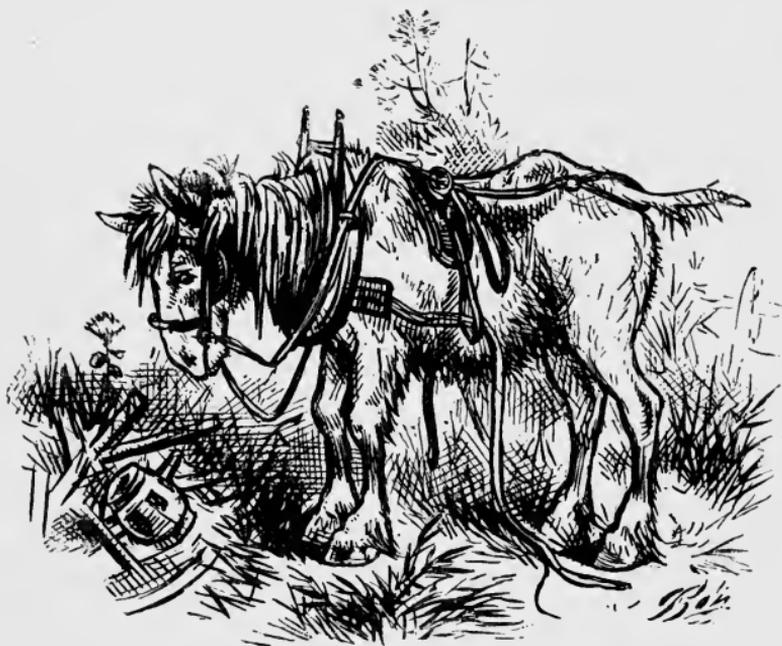
Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?"

"I geepe dot now, aind't it?" says Fritz; "den,
you see,

I always remempers you baid dot to me."

Says Hans, "Dot ish so: it vas now shust so blain,
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."





SEQUEL TO THE "ONE-HORSE SHAY."



DOUBTLESS my readers all have heard
Of the "wonderful one-horse shay"
That "went to pieces all at once"
On the terrible earthquake-day.

SEQUEL TO THE "ONE-HORSE SHAY."

But did they ever think of the horse,
Or mourn the loss of him, —
The "ewe-necked bay" (who drew the "shay"),
So full of life and vim?

He was a wonderful nag, I'm told,
In spite of his old "rat-tail ;"
And, though he always minded the *rein*,
He laughed at the snow and hail.

He had the finest stable in town,
With plenty of oats and hay ;
And to the parson's oft "Hud-dup"
He never would answer *neigh*.

To the parson's shay he was ever true,
Though her other *felloes* were *tired* :
To live and die with his *fiancée*
Was all that his heart desired.

SEQUEL TO THE "ONE-HORSE SHAY."

He was much *attached* to his ancient mate ;
So the parson "hitched them together ;"
And, when they went on their *bridle* tour,
His heart was light as a feather.

We all remember her awful fate,
On that sad November day,
When nothing remained but a heap of trash,
That once was a beautiful shay.

Oh! what could *stir-up* the equine breast
Like this fearful, harrowing blow,
Which put a *check* on his happiness,
And filled his heart with *w(h)oa*.

As he *wheeled* about, a *shaft* of pain
Entered his faithful breast,
As he there beheld the sad remains
Of her whom he loved the best.

SEQUEL TO THE "ONE-HORSE SHAY."

With a sudden bound and fearful snort,
He sped away like the wind;
And a fact most queer I'll mention here, --
No *traces* were left behind.



PREVALENT POETRY.

A WANDERING tribe, called the Siouxs,
Wear moccasins, having no shioux;
 They are made of buckskin,
 With the fleshy side in,
Embroidered with beads of bright hyioux.

When out on the war-path, the Siouxs
March single file — never by tioux—
 And by “blazing” the trees
 Can return at their ease,
And their way through the forests ne'er lioux.

All new-fashioned boats he eschioux,
And uses the birch-bark canioux;

PREVALENT POETRY.

These are handy and light,
And, inverted at night,
Give shelter from storms and from dioux.

The principal food of the Sioux
Is Indian maize, which they brioux,
And hominy make,
Or mix in a cake,
And eat it with pork, as they chioux.

* * * * *

Now, doesn't this spelling look cyiouxrious?
'Tis enough to make any one fyioxrious!
So a word to the wise!—
Pray our language revise
With orthography not so injiouxrious.



ZWEI LAGER.

DER night vas dark as anyding,
Ven at mine door two vellers ring,
Und say, ven I ask who vas dhere,
“Git oup und git” — und den dey schvear —
“Zwei lager.”

ZWEI LAGER.

I says, "'Tis late: schust leaf mine house,
Und don'd pe making sooch a towse!"
Dey only lauft me in der face,
Und say, "Pring oudt, 'Old Schweizerkase,'
Zwei lager."

I dold dem dot der bier vas oudt;
But dose two shaps set oup a shout,
Und said no matter if 'tvas late,
Dot dey moost haf "put on der schlate"
Zwei lager.

"Oh! go away, dot is goot poys,"
Mine moder says, "und sctop der noise:"
But sdill dem vellers yellt away;
Und dis vas all dot dey vould say,—
"Zwei lager."

ZWEI LAGER.

“Vot makes you gome?” mine taughter said,
“Ven beoples all vas in deir ped:
Schust gome to-morrow ven you’re dhry.”
But dem two plackguards sdill did cry,
“Zwei lager.”

“Vot means you by sooch dings as dese?
I go und calls for der boleese,”
Says Schneigelfritz, who lifs next door:
Dey only yellt more as pefore,
“Zwei lager.”

“You schust holdt on a leedle vhile,”
Says mine Katrina mit a schmile:
“I vix dose shaps, you pet my life,
So dey don’d ask off Pfeiffer’s vife
Zwei lager.”

ZWEI LAGER.

Den rightdt avay she got a peese
Of goot und schtrong old Limburg cheese,
Und put it schust outside der door;
Und den ve didn't hear no more

“Zwei lager.”





A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

'Tis a story of a toper :

I knew him passing well, —

A shoemaker in Natick,

Which is oftentimes called — well —

Of course you've heard the story ;

So I will not stop to tell.

A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

He was the hardest drinker
For many miles around ;
Though, as a waggish chap remarked,
“*Hard* drinker! I’ll be bound
He drinks about as easy
As any man I’ve found !”

There chanced to be a “sample-room”
Close by his little shop,
In which, “just to be neighborly,”
He frequently would drop,
And “take a little something warm,”
From gin to *gin-ger* pop.

One day he went as usual ;
And, finding no one in,
He spied upon the counter
What he supposed was gin,
And straightway took a “nipper”
From the bottle it was in.

A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

Surveying, *à la connoisseur*,
The name the bottle bore,
He found 'twas *aquafortis*,
Which he had taken "raw," —
"A brand," quoth he, "I ne'er did see,
And never drank before."

Just then his neighbor happened in ;
And, tremulous with fear,
(The bottle told the story,)
He asked if he felt queer,
And if he'd have a doctor called,
As one was living near.

"Don't worry," said the shoemaker :
"I'm all right, I believe.
There's but one thing that's curious :
I really can't conceive
Why, when I wipe my mouth, it burns
A hole right through my sleeve !"

DOT POODLE DOG.



MINE cracious, vot a gountry,
Und vot a beoples too!
I feel so bad, already,
I don'd know vot to do.

I had von leedle poodle dog,
So handsome vot couldt been;
Und always, vheresoe'er I vent,
Dot poodle dog vas seen.

DOT POODLE DOG.

He youst to vollow me aroundt,
In schpите off rain und hail;
Und, oh, der comfort vot I dook
In der vag off dot dog's tail!

Von day I missed mine Schneider,
(Dot vas der poodle's name;)
Und, though I vistled all aroundt,
Dot poodle didn't came.

I looked about der sausage-shops,
(Where dey cut some vunny capers,)
Und dold dot he vas schtrayed or stoldt
In all der daily bapers.

I hunted eferyvhere aroundt, —
Oup hill, und down der dale;
Und all der beoples lauft at me
To hear dot poodle's tale.



“He used him vashing vindows off:
Mine cracious, dot vas queer!” — PAGE 113.

DOT POODLE DOG.

Von morning early I vas oudt,
A valking oup der schtreet,
Ven rightd away I seen a sight
Vot schtopped mine heart to beat.

Mine cracious! vot you dink it vas
Dot villed me mit surbrise?
'Tvas leedle Schneider vot vas losht,
Rightd dhere pefore mine eyes!

You know schust how id is myself
Ven somedings stardt you, — aindt id?
Vell, ven I saw dot poodle dog,
Py shings! I almost vainted!

A darky had him on a pole,
Mit pails off vater near.
He used him *vashing windows off*:
Mine cracious, dot vas qveer!

DOT POODLE DOG.

He dipped him rightdt indo der pail,
Schust like he vas a rag :
Der life vas oudt off dot poodle dog ;
Der tail had losht its vag !



MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

LITTLE Benny sat one evening,
Looking o'er his picture-book:
Suddenly his mother noticed
On his face a troubled look.

He was gazing on a picture,—
“Christians in the early days,”
When the cruel tyrant Nero
Harassed them in various ways.

'Twas a family of Christians,
Torn by lions fierce and wild,
In the horrible arena,
Which had thus distressed the child.

MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

Thinking it a golden moment
To impress his youthful mind
With our freedom, dearly purchased,
And by martyrs' blood refined,

His good mother told the story
Of their persecutions sore,
While he listened, all attention,
And the picture pondered o'er.

“ See, my child, those hungry lions,
How upon the group they fall!
'Tis a sight, my precious darling,
That the bravest might appall.”

Then, with little lip a-quiver,
“ Mamma, look !” says little Benny :
“ Little lion in the corner,
Mamma, *isn't* gettin' any !”



“Little lion in the corner,
Mamma, isn’t gettin’ any!” — PAGE 116.



VOT I LIKE UND DON'D LIKE.

I DON'D dink mooch off dose fine shaps
Vot lofe aboutt der schtreet,
Und nefer pays der landlady
For vot dey haf to eat ;

VOT I LIKE UND DON'D LIKE.

Who gifes der tailor notings,
Und makes der laundress wait,
Und haf deir trinks off lager bier
All "put ubon der schlate."

I don'd dink mooch off vimmin, too,
Who dink it vas deir "schpeer"
To keep oup vine abbearances,
Und lif in "Grundy's" fear;
Who dress demselves mit vine array
To flirt ubon der schtreet,
Und leaf deir moders at der tub
To earn der bread dey eat.

I don'd like men dot feel so pig
Ven dey haf plenty *geld*,
Who vas as Lucifer so broud,
Und mit conceit vas schvelled.

VOT I LIKE UND DON'D LIKE.

Who dinks more off deir horse und dog
As off a man dot's poor,
Und lets der scharving und der sick
Go hungry vrom der door.

I don'd dink mooch off dem dot holdt
So tight ubon a tollar,
Dot, if 'tvas only shust alive,
'Twould make it shcream und holler.
Vy don'd dey keep it on der move,
Not hide away und lock it?
Dey gannot take it ven dey die:
Der shroud don'd haf a pocket!

.
I like to see a hand dot's brown,
Und not avraid off vork;
Dot gifes to dose vot air in need,
Und nefer tries to schirk:

VOT I LIKE UND DON'D LIKE.

A man dot meets you mit a schmile,
Und dakes you py der hand,
Shust like dey do vhere I vas born,
In mine own vaterland, ---

Where bier-saloons don'd keep a schlate ;
Where tailors get deir pay,
Und vashervimmin get der schtamps
For vork dey dake away ;
Where *frauleins* schtick rightdt to der vork
So schteady as a glock,
Und not go schtrutting droo der schtreets
Shust like a durkey-cock ;
Where blenty und brosperty
Schmile ubon efery hand :
Dot ist der Deutscher's paradise ;
Das ist das Vaterland.

THE WIDOW MALONE'S PIG.

THE Widow Malone had a beautiful pig ;
No one had its equal from Cork to Killarney ;
And Paddy McCabe had his eye on the same ;
A roguish chap he, full of mischief and blarney.

This beautiful pig fairly haunted his dreams ;
And he swore, that, unless he was sadly mis-
taken,
He would feast off his ribs upon St. Patrick's
Day,
And even the widow should not "save his
bacon."

THE WIDOW MALONE'S PIG.

One morning the widow went out to the pen,
Pail in hand, with the first streak of dawn,
When, lo! it was vacant; no piggy was there:
The sweet little creature was gone!

Straightway to the priest for assistance she went,
Who asked her the cause of her grief.
“Och! your riverince,” says she, “’tis me pig
that is gone!
And I think Pat McCabe is the thief.”

Soon after Pat came to the priest to “confess,
And told of his theft from the Widow Malone.
“Take it back,” says the priest, “without any
delay!”
“Sure I’ve ate it, your riverince!” says Pat
with a groan.



“The Widow Malone had a beautiful pig;
No one had its equal from Cork to Killarney.” — PAGE 123.



THE WIDOW MALONE'S PIG.

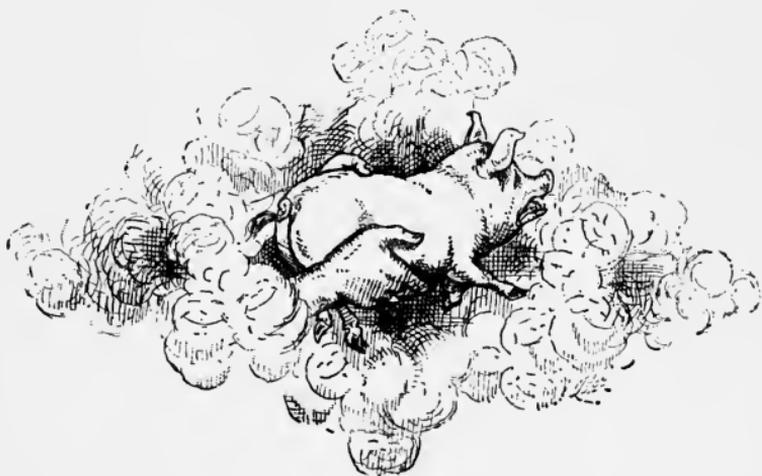
“Ah, Pat!” says the priest, “at the great ‘judgment-day,’

When you meet the widow and pig face to face,
What excuse will you give for your terrible sin?
I’m thinking you’ll go to a very bad place.”

“Will the widdy and pig *both* be there?” says Pat.

“To be sure,” says the priest, “to accuse you
of sin.”

“Will, thin,” replies Paddy, “I’ll say, ‘*Here’s your pig!*
By St. Patrick, I’ll niver molist him agin!’”





A TRAPPER'S STORY.

“’Twas a moonlight night,” the trapper began,
As we lay by the bright camp-fire, —
“Come, fill up your pipes, and pile on the brands,
And gather a little nigher, —

A TRAPPER'S STORY.

“ ’Twas a moonlight night when Bet and I —
Bet, she’s the old mare, you know —
Started for camp on our lonely route,
O’er the dreary waste of snow.

“ I had been to the ‘clearing’ that afternoon
For powder and ball, and whiskey too ;
For game was plenty, furs in demand,
And plenty of hunting and trapping to do.

“ I had no fear of the danger that lurked
In the region through which my journey lay,
Till Bet of a sudden pricked up her ears,
And sniffed the air in a curious way.

“ I knew at once what the danger was
As Bet struck out at a ’forty gait :
’Twas life or death for the mare and me,
And all I could do was to trust to fate.

A TRAPPER'S STORY.

“ *Wolves on our track*, ten miles from home!

A pleasant prospect that, — eh, boys?

I could see them skulking among the trees,

And the woods re-echoed their hideous noise.

“ At last, as their numbers began to swell,

They bolder grew, and pressed us close:

So ‘ Old Pill-Driver ’ I brought to bear,

And gave the leader a leaden dose.

“ Now, you must know, if you draw the blood

On one of the sneaking, ravenous crew,

The rest will turn on the double-quick,

And eat him up without more ado.

“ This gave me a chance to load my gun,

With just a moment to breathe and rest;

When on they came! a-gaining fast,

Though Bet was doing her level best.



“So ‘Old Pill-Driver’ I brought to bear,
And gave the leader a leaden dose.” — PAGE 130.

A TRAPPER'S STORY.

“I began to think it was getting hot.

‘Pill-Driver,’ says I, ‘this will never do:
Talk to ’em again!’ You bet she did;
And right in his tracks lay number two.

“Well, boys, to make a long story short,
I picked them off till but one was left;
But he was a whopper, you’d better believe,—
A reg’lar mammoth in size and heft.

“Yes, he was the last of the savage pack;
For, as they had followed the nat’ral law,
They had eaten each other as fast as they fell,
Till all were condensed in his spacious maw.”



JOHNNY JUDKINS.

JOHNNY JUDKINS was a vender
Of a patent liquid blacking:
Johnny Judkins he was witty,
And for "cheek" he was not lacking.

Johnny stood upon the corner,
Selling polish day by day,
And would "polish off" a party
Who had any thing to say.

JOHNNY JUDKINS.

Johnny's stereotyped expression

Was, "Now, gents, at the beginnin'
I would state this magic polish
Will not soil the finest linen."

Johnny then its other virtues

Rapidly would mention o'er,
And would sell his gaping hearers
From a dozen to a score.

Hans von Puffer bought a bottle,

Which upon his shirt-front white,
As he used it without caution,
Left a spot as black as night.

Back to Johnny went Von Puffer,

Saying, "Vot vas dot you zay?
'Twill not soil der vinest linen?
See mine shirt-vrond rightd avay!

JOHNNY JUDKINS.

“Vot vas dot ubon mine bosom?

Von't you dold me, ef you blease!
Shust you gife me pack mine money,
Or I goes vor der boleese!”

Johnny looked upon the Deutscher
With a bland and childlike smile;
Then upon the crowd before him,
Who enjoyed the sport meanwhile.

“Gentlemen,” says Johnny Judkins,
“As I said in the beginnin',
This 'ere patent liquid polish
Will not soil the *finest* linen.

“As for that,” says Johnny Judkins,—
Pointing where the spot of crock
Showed upon Von Puffer's bosom
Like a black sheep in a flock,—



“Vot vas dot ubon mine bosom ?
Von't you dold me, ef you blease!” — PAGE 136.

JOHNNY JUDKINS.

“As for that,” repeated Johnny,
“If you call *that* linen fine,
I would merely say, my hearers,
Your opinion is not mine.”

Johnny Judkins still continues
Selling blacking by the ton.
Hans von Puffer chawks that bosom
Every time he puts it on.



THE LOST PET.



OH, list! while I tell
Of the fate that befell
A pet that was dear unto me,—
A black-and-tan pup.
Oh! bitter the cup
Prepared by that “Heathen Chinee”
For me,
The friend of those venders of tea.

THE LOST PET.

This young black-and-tan
Away from me ran, —
An act which I did not foresee ;
And, though I did seek
For over a week
To find him, it was not to be.
You'll see,
'Twas the work of that sinful Chinee.

His name was Ah-Bet,
(Not the name of my pet,
But of him of Chinese pedigree ;)
And he kept a small shop,
And had the best " chop "
Of tit-bits from over the sea,
That he
Obtained from his far-famed *patrie*.

THE LOST PET.

He had "chow-chow," that tickles
The lover of pickles,
Though with me it did never agree ;
And things filled with spice,
Which may have been mice, —
They looked enough like them, — dear me !
To see
Such food in the "land of the free."

One day I'd a friend
Who was coming to spend
The day, and take dinner with me :
So I went to Ah-Bet,
And told him to get
A rabbit "and fixin's ;" and he
Said "*Oui*,"
In a manner quite Frenchy to see.



“And brought to the light
A tag, with inscription, ‘Toby.’” — PAGE 145.

THE LOST PET.

The clock had struck one :
The dinner was done,
And served up with steaming Bohea.
“ ’Tis excellent fare,
This rabbit, or hare,
Whichever it may be,” said he,
(*Mon ami* :)
“ You’ve a prize in that Heathen Chinee.”

Just then in the dish
I noticed him fish
For something he thought he could see,
That didn’t look right ;
And brought to the light
A tag, with inscription, “ Toby.”
Ah me !
’Twas that of my lost *favori* !

“AH-GOO!”

Vot vas id mine baby vas trying to say,
When I goes to hees crib at der break off der day?
Und oudt vrom der planket peeps ten leedle toes,
So pink und so shveet as der fresh plooming rose,
Und twisting und curling dhemselves all aboutt,
Shust like dhey vas saying, “Ve vant to get oudt!”
While dot baby looks oup mit dhose bright eyes
so plue,
Und don’d could say nodings, shust only,
“Ah-goo!”

Vot vas id mine baby vas dinking aboutt,
When dot thumb goes so qvick in hees shveet
leedle mout[?],



“*AH-GOO!*”

Und he looks righdt away, like he no undershtandt
Der reason he don'd could qvite shvallow hees
handt;

Und he digs mit dhose fingers righdt into hees
eyes,

Which fills hees oldt fader mit fear und surprise;
Und vhen mit dhose shimnasdic dricks he vas
droo,

He lay back und crow, und say nix budt

“*Ah - goo!*”

Vot makes dot shmalle baby shmile vhen he's
ashleep;

Does he dink he vas blaying mit some von “bo-
peep?”

Der nurse say dhose shmiles vas der sign he haf
colic—

More like dot he dhreams he vas hafing some
frolic;

“AH-GOO!”

I feeds dot oldt nurse mit creen abbles some day,
Und dhen eef *she* shmiles, I pelief vot she say;
Vhen dot baby got cramps he find someding to do
Oxcept smile, und blay, und keep oup hees

“ Ah - goo !”

I ask me, somedimes, vhen I looks in dot crib,
“ Vill der shirdt-frondt, von day, dake der blace
off dot bib?

Vill dot plue-eyed baby dot's pooling mine hair
Know all vot I knows aboutt drouble und care?”
Dhen I dink off der vorldt, mit its bride und its
sins,

Und I vish dot mineself und dot baby vas tvins,
Und all der day long I haf nodings to do
Budt shust laugh und crow, und keep saying,

“ Ah - goo !”



MINE VAMILY.

DIMBLED cheeks, mit eyes off plue,
Mout' like id vas moist mit dew,
Und leedle teeth shust peekin' droo—
Dot's der baby.

MINE FAMILY.

Curly head, und full off glee,
Drowsers all oudt at der knee—
He vas peen blaying horse, you see—
Dot's leedle Yawcob.



MINE FAMILY.



Von hundord-seexty in der shade,
Der oder day when she vas veighed—
She beats me soon, I vas avraid—

Dot's mine Katrina.

MINE FAMILY.

Barefooted head, und pooty stoudt,
Mit grooked legs dot vill bend oudt,
Fond off his bier und sauer-kraut—
Dot's me himself.



MINE VAMILY.

Von schmall young baby, full off fun,
Von leedle prite-eyed, roguish son,
Von frau to greet vhen vork vas done—
Dot's mine vamily.



DOT LEEDLE LOWEEZA.

How dear to dis heart vas mine grandshild Low-
eeza!

Dot shveet leedle taughter off Yawcob, mine son!
I nefer vas tired to hug und to shqveeze her
Vhen home I gets back, und der day's vork
vas done.

DOT LEEDLE LOWEEZA.

When I vas away, oh, I know dot she miss me,
For vhen I come homevards she rushes bell-
mell,
Und poots oup dot shveet leedle mout' for to kiss
me—
Her “darling oldt gampa,” dot she lofe so vell.



Katrina, mine frau, she could not do mitoudt her,
She vas sooch a gomfort to her, day py day;

DOT LEEDLE LOWEEZA.

Dot shild she make efry von habby aboutt her,
Like sunshine she drife all dheir troubles away.
She holdt der vool yarn vhile Katrina she vind it,
She pring her dot camfire bottle to shmell;
She fetch me mine pipe, too, when I don'd can find it,
Dot plue-eyed Loweeza, dot lofe me so vell.



How shweet, vhen der toils off der veek vas all ofer,
Und Sunday vas come, mit its qviet und rest,

DOT LEEDLE LOWEEZA.

To valk mit dot shild 'mong der daisies und
clofer,

Und look off der leedle birds building dheir
nest!

Her pright leedle eyes, how dhey shparkle mit
pleasure!

Her laugh it rings oudt shust so clear like a
bell;

I dink dhere vas nopody haf sooch a treas-
ure

As dot shmall Loweeza, dot lofe me so vell.

Vhen vinter vas come, mit its coldt, shtormy
veddher,

Katrina und I ve musd sit in der house,
Und dalk off der bast by der fireside toged-
dher,

Or blay mit dot taughter off our Yawcob
Strauss.

DOT LEEDLE LOWEEZA.



Oldt age, mit its wrinkles, pegins to remind us
Ve gannot shtay long mit our shildren to
dvell;
But soon ve shall meet mit der poys left pehind
us,
Und dot shveet Loweeza, dot lofe us so vell.



“DON'D FEEL TOO BIG!”

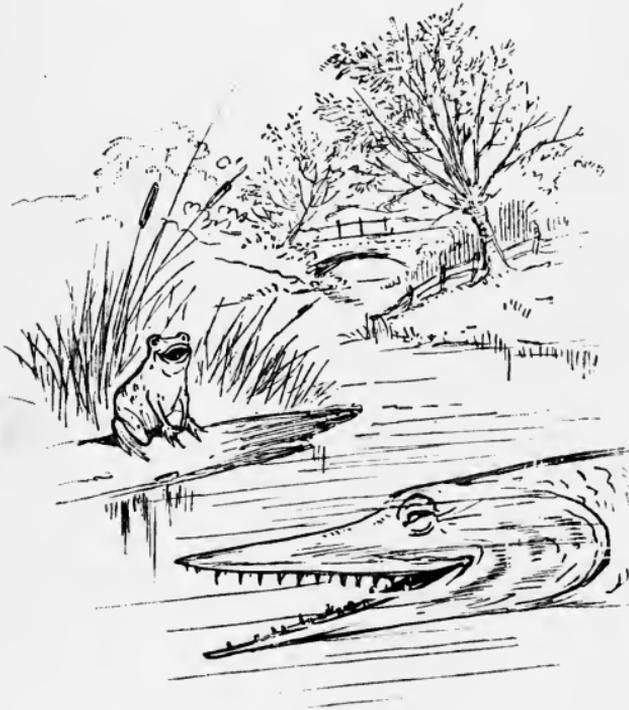
A FROG vas a-singing von day in der brook
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel
too big!),

"DON'D FEEL TOO BIG!"

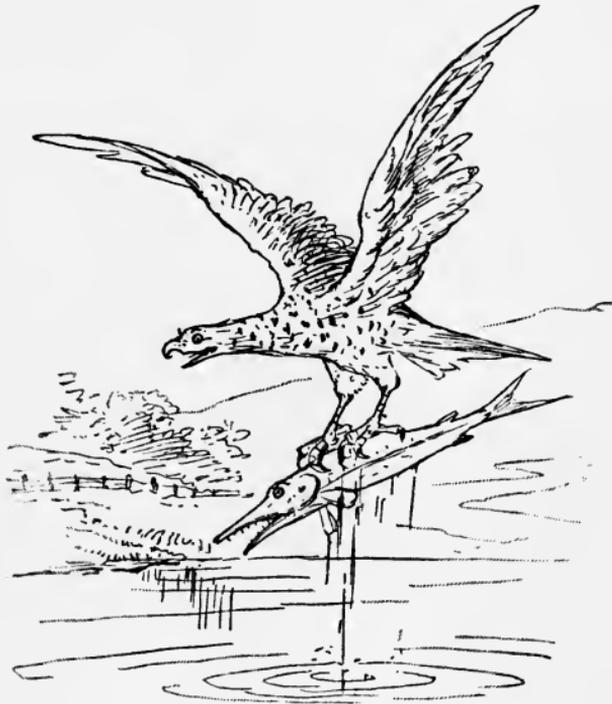
Und he shvelled mit pride, und he say, "Shust
look;

Don'd I sing dhose peautiful songs like a book?"

(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel
too big!)



"DON'D FEEL TOO BIG!"



A fish came a-shvimming along dot vay
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel
too big!);
"I'll dake you oudt off der vet," he say;
Und der leedle froggie vas shtowed away.
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel
too big!)

"DON'D FEEL TOO BIG!"

A hawk flew down und der fish dook in
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel
too big!);
Und der hawk he dink dot der shmardest vin
Vhen he shtuck his claws in dot fish's shkin.
(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel
too big!)



“DON'D FEEL TOO BIG!”

A hunter vas oudt mit his gun aroundt

(Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel
too big!),

Und he say vhen der hawk vas brought to der
groundt,

Und der fish und der leedle frog vas foundt,

“It vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel
too big!”

MINE MODER-IN-LAW.

DHERE vas many qveer dings, in dis land off der
free,

I neffer could qvite understand;

Der beoples dhey all seem so deefrent to me

As dhose in mine own faderland.

Dhey gets blendy droubles, und indo mishaps,

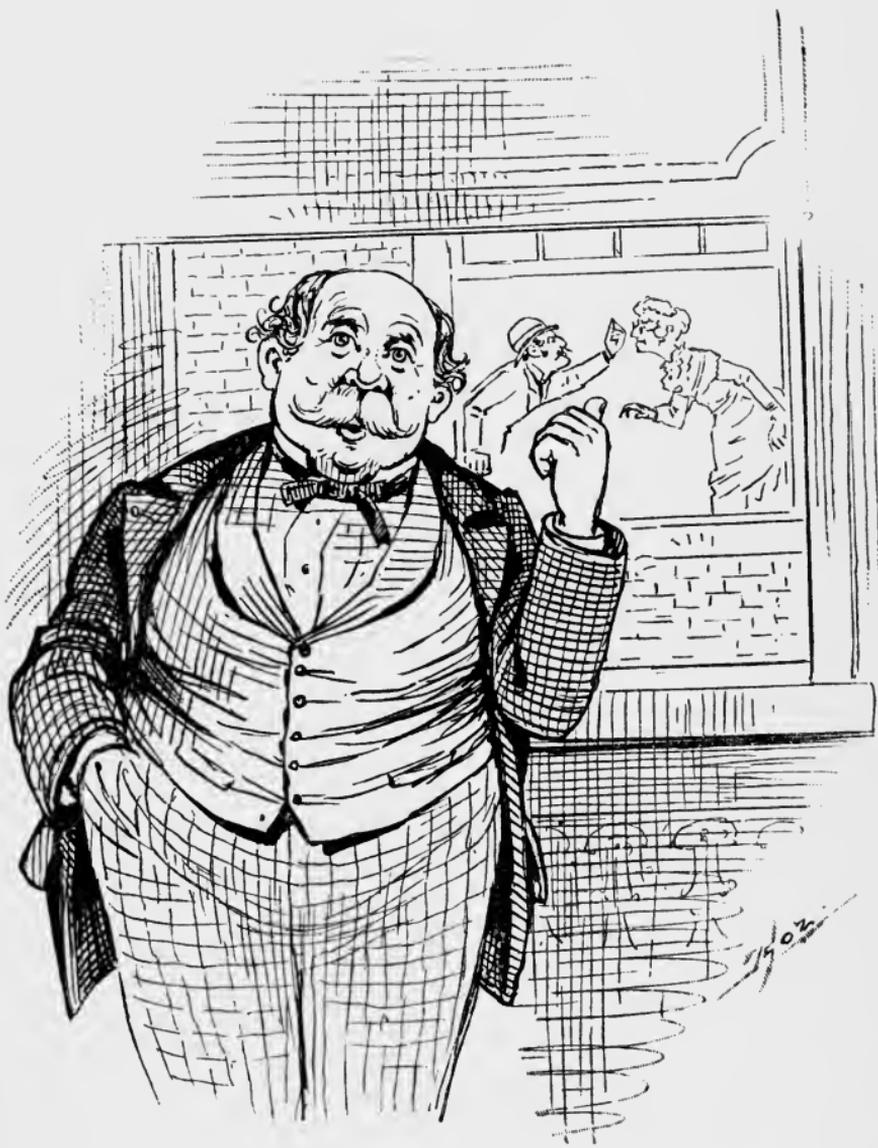
Mitoudt der least bit off a cause;

Und, vould you pelief id? dhose mean Yangee
chaps,

Dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws!

Shust dink off a vwhite man so vicked as dot!

Vhy not gife der oldt lady a show?



MINE MODER-IN-LAW.



Who vas id gets oup, vhen der nightd id vas
hot,
Mit mine baby, I shust like to know?

MINE MODER-IN-LAW.

Und dhen in der vinter, vhen Katrine vas sick,
Und der mornings vas shnowy und raw,
Who made rightd away oup dot fire so qvick?
Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

Id vas von off dhose voman's rightdts vellers, I
been—

Dhere vas nodings dot's mean aboutd me;
Vhen der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,
Vhy, I shust lets her run id, you see.
Und vhen dot shly Yawcob vas cutting some
dricks

(A block off der oldt chip he vas, yaw!),
Eef she goes for dot chap like some dousands off
bricks,

Dot's all rightd! She's mine moder-in-law.

Veek oudt und veek in, id vas always der same,
Dot vomans vas boss off der house;

MINE MODER-IN-LAW.



Budt, dhen, neffer mindt! I vas glad dot she
came,
She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss.

MINE MODER-IN-LAW.

Und vhen dhere vas vater to get vrom der
shpring,

Und fire-vood to shplit oup und saw,
She vas velcome to do id. Dhere's not anyding
Dot's too goot for mine moder-in-law.





DER SHPIDER UND DER FLY.

I READS in Yawcob's shtory book,
A couple veeks ago,
Von firsd-rade boem, vot I dinks
Der beoples all should know.

DER SHPIDER UND DER FLY.

Id ask dis goot conundhrum, too,
Vich ve should brofit by:
“Vill you indo mine barlor valk?”
Says der shpider off der fly.”



Dot set me dinking, rightt away,
Und vhen, von afternoon,
A shbeculator he cooms in,
Und dells me, pooty soon,

DER SHPIDER UND DER FLY.

He haf a silfer mine to sell,
Und ask me eef I puy,
I dink off der oxberience
Off dot plue-pottle fly.



Der oder day, vhen on der cars
I vent py Nie Yorck, oudt,
I meets a fräulein on der train,
Who dold me, mit a pout,

DER SHPIDER UND DER FLY.

She likes der Deutscher shentlemens,
Und dells me sit peside her—
I dinks, maype, I vas der fly,
Und she vas peen der shpider.



I vent into der shmoking-car,
Where dhey vas blaying boker,
Und also haf somedings dhey calls
Der funny "leedle joker."

DER SHPIDER UND DER FLY.

Some money id vas shanging hands,
Dhey wanted me to try—
I says, “You vas too brevous;
I don’d vas peen a fly!”



On Central Park a shmartd young man
Says, “Strauss, how vas you peen?”
Und dake me kindly py der hand,
Und ask off mine Katrine.

DER SHPIDER UND DER FLY.

He wants to shange a feefly bill,
Und says hees name vas Schneider—
Maype, berhaps he vas all rightd;
More like he vas a shpider.

Mosd efry day some shvindling chap,
He dries hees leedle game;
I cuts me oudt dot shpider biece,
Und poot id in a frame;
Rightd in mine shtore I hangs id oup,
Und near id, on der shly,
I geeps a glub, to send gvick oudt
Dhose shpiders “on der fly.”

MINE SCHILDHOOD.

DER schiltren dhey vas poot in ped,
All tucked oup for der nightd;
I dakes mine pipe der mantel off,
Und py der fireside prighdt
I dinks aboutd vhen I vas young—
Off moder, who vas tead,
Und how at nightd—like I do Hans—
She tucked me oup in ped.

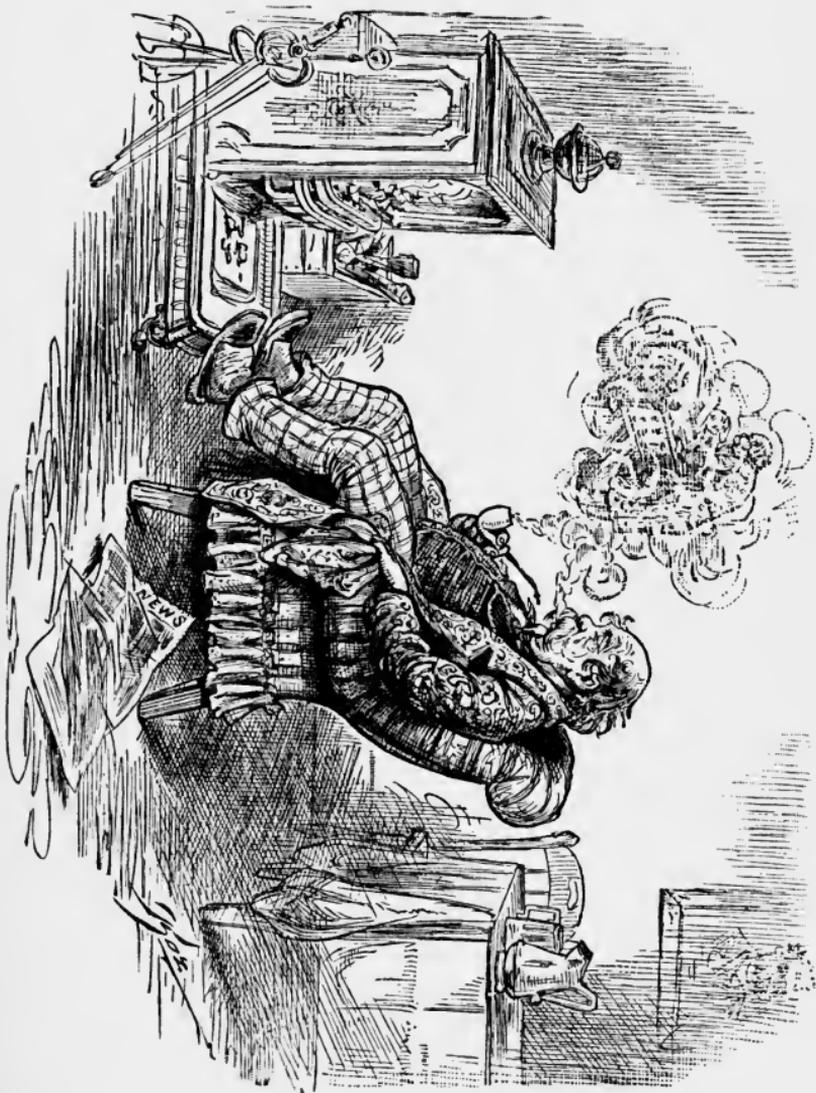
I mindt me off mine fader, too,
Und how he yoost to say,
“Poor poy, you haf a hardt oldt row
To hoe, und leedle blay!”

MINE SCHILDHOOD.

I find me oudt dot id vas drue
 Vot mine oldt fader said,
While smoodhing down mine flaxen hair
 Und tucking me in ped.

Der oldt folks! Id vas like a dhream
 To shpeak off dhem like dot.
Gretchen und I vas "oldt folks" now,
 Und haf two schiltren got.
Ve lofes dhem more as neffer vas,
 Each leedle curly head,
Und efry nightd ve takes dhem oup
 Und tucks dhem in dheir ped.

Budt dhen, somedimes, vhen I feels plue,
 Und all dings lonesome seem,
I vish I vas dot poy again,
 Und dis vas all a dhream.



MINE SCHILDHOOD.

I vant to kiss mine moder vonce,
Und vhen mine brayer vas said,
To haf mine fader dake me oup
Und tuck me in mine ped.

DER VATER - MILL.

I READS aboutt dot vater-mill dot runs der life-
long day,

Und how der vater don'd coom pack vhen vonce
id flows away;

Und off der mill-shtream dot glides on so beace-
fully und shtill,

Budt don'd vas putting in more vork on dot same
vater-mill.

Der boet says 'tvas beddher dot you holdt dis
broverb fast—

“Der mill id don'd vould grind some more mit
vater dot vas past.”

DER VATER-MILL.

Dot boem id vas peautiful to read aboutd; dot's
so!

Budt eef dot vater *vasn't* past how could dot mill-
vheel go?

Und vhy make drouble mit dot mill vhen id vas
been inclined

To dake each obbordunidy dot's gifen id to
grind?

Und vhen der vater cooms along in qvandidies
so vast,

Id lets some oder mill dake oup der vater dot
vas past.

Dhen der boet shange der subject, und he dells
us vonce again,

“Der sickle neffer more shall reap der yellow,
garnered grain.”

Vell, vonce vas blendy, aind't id? Id vouldn't
been so nice

DER VATER-MILL.

To haf dot sickle reaping oup der same grain
ofer twice!

Vhy, vot's der use off cutting oup der grass al-
reaty mown?

Id vas pest, mine moder dold me, to let vell
enough alone.

“Der summer vinds reffie no more leaves strewn
o'er earth und main.”

Vell, who vants to reffie dhem? Dhere vas blen-
dy more again!

Der summer vinds dhey shtep rightdt oup in goot
time to brepare

Dhose blants und trees for oder leaves; dhere soon
vas creen vons dhere.

Shust bear dis adverb on your mindts, mine
frendts, und holdt id fast:

Der new leaves don'd vas been aroundt undil der
oldt vas past.

DER VATER-MILL.

Dhen neffer mindt der leaves dot's dead; der
grain dot's in der bin;

Dhey both off dhem haf had dheir day, und shust
vas gathered in.

Und neffer mindt der vater vhen id vonce goes
droo der mill;

Ids vork vas done! Dhere's blendy more dot
vaits ids blace to fill.

Let each von dake dis moral, vrom der king down
to der peasant—

Don'd mindt der vater dot vas past, budt der
vater dot vas bresent.



DER OAK UND DER VINE.

I DON'D vas preaching voman's righdts,
Or anyding like dot,
Und I likes to see all beoples
Shust gondented mit dtheir lot;
Budt I wants to gondradict dot shap
Dot made dis leedle shoke:

DER OAK UND DER VINE.

“A voman vas der glinging vine,
Und man der shturdy oak.”



Berhaps, somedimes, dot may be drue,
Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
I find me oudt dot man himself
Was been der glinging vine;

DER OAK UND DER VINE.

Und vhen hees friendts dhey all vas gone,
Und he vas shust "tead proke,"
Dot's vhen der voman shteps rightd in,
Und been der shturdy oak.



Shust go oup to der paseball groundts
Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"

DER OAK UND DER VINE.

All planted roundt ubon der seats—
Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!
Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
Mit glothes oudt on der lines:
Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine frendts,
Und vhich der glinging vines?

Vhen Sickness in der householdt comes,
Und veeks und veeks he shtays,



DER OAK UND DER VINE.

Who vas id fightds him mitoudt resdt,
Dhose veary nightds und days?
Who beace und gomfort always prings,
Und cools dot fefered prow?
More like id vas der tender vine
Dot oak he glings to now.



“Man vants budt leedle here pelow,”
Der boet von time said;

DER OAK UND DER VINE.

Dhere's leedle dot man he *don'd* vant,
I dink id means, inshted ;
Und vhen der years keep rolling on,
Dheir cares und droubles pringing,
He wants to pe der shturdy oak,
Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,
Und don'd so shturdy been,
Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
To helb run Life's masheen.
In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
In calm or shtormy veddher,
'Tvas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines
Should always gling togeddher.

MINE SHILDREN.

OH, dhose shildren, dhose shildren, dhey boddher
mine life!

Vhy don'd dhey keep qviet, like Katrine, mine
vife?

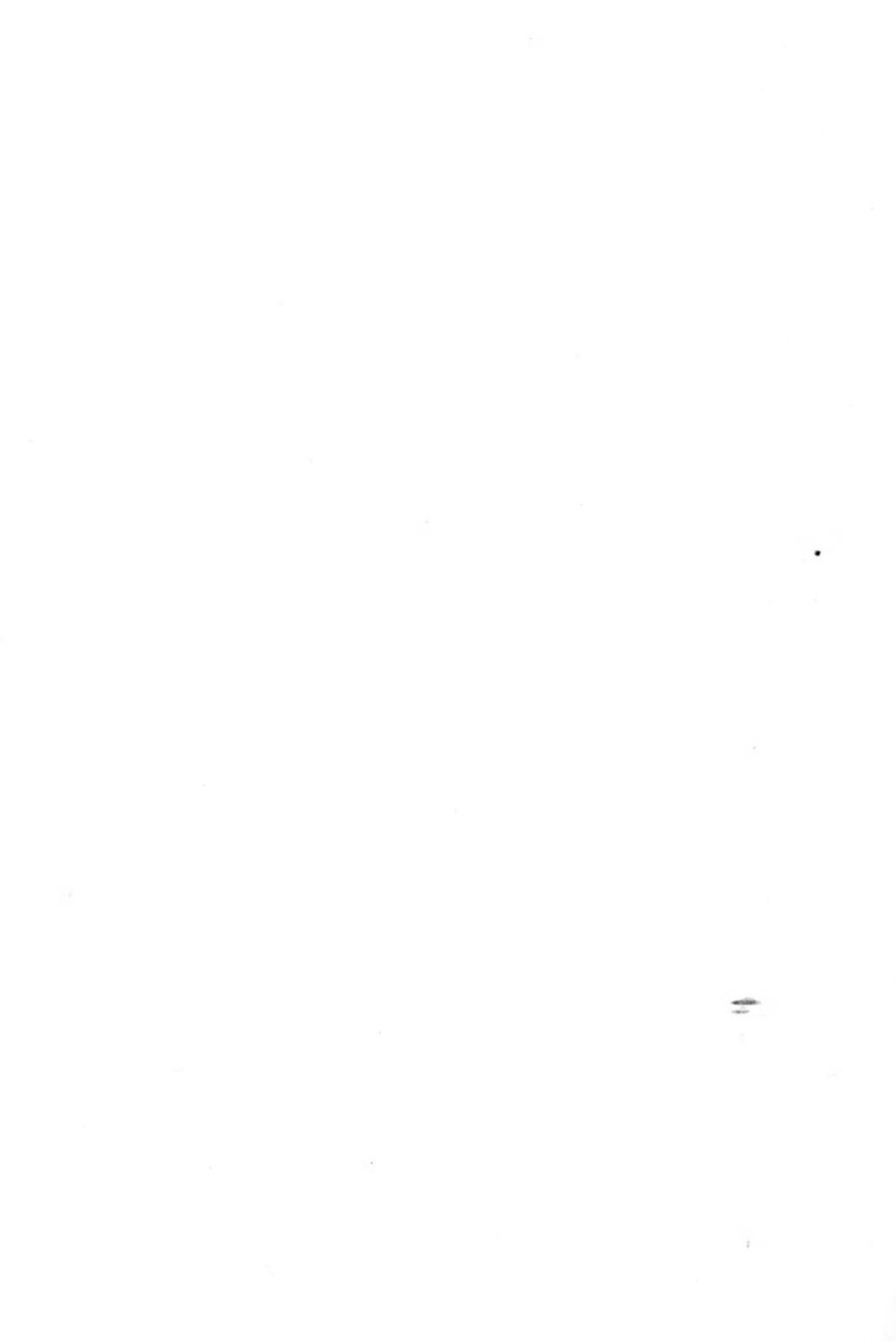
Vot makes dhem so shock fool off mischief, I vun-
der,

A-shumping der room roundt mit noises like dun-
der?

Hear dot! Vas dhere anyding make sooch a noise
As Yawcob und Otto, mine two leedle poys?

Ven I dake oup mine pipe for a goot qviet shmoke
Dhey crawl me all ofer, und dink id a shoke





MINE SHILDREN.

To go droo mine bockets to see vot dhey find,
Und if mit der latch-key mine vatch dhey can vind.
Id dakes someding more as dheir fader und moder
To qviet dot Otto und his leedle broder.

Dhey shtub oudt dheir boots, und vear holes in
der knees

Off dheir drouzers und shtockings, und sooch
dings as dhese.

I dink if dot Cræsus vas lifing to-day,
Dhose poys make more bills as dot Kaiser could
pay;

I find me qvick oudt dot some riches dake vings,
Ven each gouple a tays I must buy dhem new
dings.

I pring dhose two shafers some toys efry tay.
Pecause "Shonny Schwartz has sooch nice dings,"
dhey say,

MINE SHILDREN.

“Und Shonny Schwartz’ barents vas poorer as
ve”—

Dot’s vot der young rashkells vas saying to me.
Dot oldt Santa Klaus, mit a shleigh fool off toys,
Don’d gif sadisfactions to dhose greedy poys.

Dhey kick der clothes off vhen ashleep in dheir
ped,

Und get so mooch croup dot dhey almosdt vas
dead;

Budt id don’d made no tifferent: before id vas light
Dhey vas oup in der morning mit pillows to fight;
I dink id was beddher you don’d got some ears
Vhen dhey blay “Holdt der Fort,” und dhen gif
dree cheers.

Oh, dhose shildren, dhose shildren, dhey boddher
mine life!—

But shtop shust a leedle. If Katrine, mine vife,

MINE SHILDREN.

Und dhose leedle shildren, dhey don'd been
around,

Und all droo der house dhere vas neffer a sound—
Vell, poys, vhy you look oup dot vay mit surbrise?
I guess dhey see tears in dheir old fader's eyes.



DER DEUTSCHER'S MAXIM.

DHERE vas vot you call a maxim
Dot I hear der oder day,
Und I wride id in mine album,
So id don'd could got away ;
Und I dells mine leedle Yawcob
He moost mind vot he's aboutt :

“’Tis too late to lock der shtable
When der horse he vas gone oudt.”



When I see ubon der corners
Off der shtreets, most efry night,
Der loafers und der hoodlums,
Who do nix but shvear und fight,
I says to mine Katrina,
“Let us make home bright und gay ;

DER DEUTSCHER'S MAXIM.

Ve had petter lock der shtable,
So our colts don'd got away."

When you see dhose leedle urchins,
Not mooch ofer knee-high tall,
Shump rightdt indo der melon-patch,
Shust owf der garden vall,



Und vatch each leedle rashkell
When he cooms back mit hees "boodle,"

DER DEUTSCHER'S MAXIM.

Look oudt und lock your shtable,
So your own nag don'd shkydoodle!



Vhen der young man at der counter
Vants to shpecculate in shtocks,
Und buys hees girl some timond rings,
Und piles rightdt oup der rocks,

DER DEUTSCHER'S MAXIM.

Look oudt for dot young feller;
Id vas safe enuff to say
Dot der shtable id vas empty,
Und der horse vas gone away.

Dhen dake Time by der fetlock:
Don'd hurry droo life's courses;
Rememper vot der boet says,
"Life's but a shpan"—off horses.
Der poy he vas der comin' man;
Be careful vhile you may;
Shust keep der shtable bolted,
Und der horse don'd got away.

“CUT, CUT BEHIND!”

VHEN shnow und ice vas on der ground,
Und merry shleigh-bells shingle ;
Vhen Shack Frost he vas been around,
Und makes mine oldt ears tingle—
I hear dhose roguish *gamins* say,
“Let shoy pe unconfined!”
Und dhen dhey go for efry shleigh,
Und yell, “Cut, cut pehind!”

It makes me shust feel young some more
To hear dhose youngsters yell,
Und eef I don'd vas shtiff und sore,
Py shings! I shust vould—vell,

"CUT, CUT BEHIND!"

When some oldt pung vas coomin' py,
I dink I'd feel inclined
To shump righdt in upon der shly,
Und shout, "Cut, cut pehind!"

I mind me vot mine fader said
Vonce, when I vas a poy,
Mit meeschief always in mine head,
Und fool off life und shoy.
"Now, Hans, keep off der shleighs," says he,
"Or else shust bear in mind,
I dake you righdt across mine knee,
Und cut, cut, cut pehind!"

Vell, dot vas years und years ago,
Und mine young Yawcob, too,
Vas now shkydoodling droo der shnow,
Shust like I used to do;



"CUT, CUT BEHIND!"

Und vhen der pungs coom py mine house,
I shust peeks droo der plind,
Und sings oudt, "Go id, Yawcob Strauss,
Cut, cut, cut, cut pehind!"

A ZOOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

Inspired by an Unusual Flow of Animal Spirits.

No sweeter girl ewe ever gnu
Than Betty Marten's daughter Sue.

With sable hare, small tapir waist,
And lips you'd gopher miles to taste;

Bright, lambent eyes, like the gazelle,
Sheep pertly brought to bear so well;

Ape pretty lass, it was avowed,
Of whom her marmot to be proud.

A ZOOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

Deer girl! I loved her as my life,
And vowed to heifer for my wife.

Alas! a sailor, on the sly,
Had cast on her his wether eye—

He said my love for her was bosh,
And my affection I musquash.

He'd dog her footsteps everywhere,
Anteater in the easy-chair.

He'd setter round, this sailor chap,
And pointer out upon the map

The spot where once a cruiser boar
Him captive to a foreign shore.

A ZOOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

The cruel captain far outdid
The yaks and crimes of Robert Kid.

He oft would whale Jack with the cat,
And say, "My buck, doe you like that?"

"What makes you stag around so, say!
The catamounts to something, hey?"

Then he would seal it with an oath,
And say, "You are a lazy sloth!"

"I'll starve you down, my sailor fine,
Until for beef and porcupine!"

And, fairly horse with fiendish laughter,
Would say, "Henceforth, mind what giraffe ter!"

A ZOOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

In short, the many risks he ran
Might well a llama braver man.

Then he was wrecked and castor shore
While feebly clinging to anoa;

Hyena cleft among the rocks
He crept, *sans* shoes and minus ox;

And when he fain would goat to bed,
He had to lion leaves instead.

Then Sue would say, with troubled face,
"How koodoo live in such a place?"

And straightway into tears would melt,
And say, "How badger must have felt!"

A ZOOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

While he, the brute, woodchuck her chin,
And say, "Aye-aye, my lass!" and grin.

* * * * *

Excuse these steers. . . . It's over now;
There's naught like grief the hart can cow.

Jackass'd her to be his, and she—
She gave Jackal and jilted me.

And now, alas! the little minks
Is bound to him with Hymen's lynx.

THE YOUNG TRAMP.

HELLO, thar, stranger! Whar yer frum?
Come in and make yerself ter hum!
We're common folks—ain't much on style;
Come in and stop a little while;
'Twon't do no harm ter rest yer some.

Youngster, yer pale, and don't look well!
What, way frum Bosting? Naow, dew tell!
Why, that's a hundred mile or so;
What started yer, I'd like ter know,
On sich a tramp; got goods ter sell?

No home—no friends? Naow that's too bad!
Wall, cheer up, boy, and don't be sad—

THE YOUNG TRAMP.

Wife, see what yer can find ter eat,
And put the coffee on ter heat—
We'll fix yer up all right, my lad.

Willing ter work, can't git a job,
And not a penny in yer fob?
Wall, naow, that's rough, I dew declare!
What, tears? Come, youngster, I can't bear
Ter see yer take on so, and sob.

How came yer so bad off, my son?
Father was killed? 'Sho'; whar? Bull Run?
Why, I was in that scrimmage, lad,
And got used up, too, pretty bad;
I sha'n't forgit old 'sixty-one!

So yer were left in Bosting, hey?
A baby when he went away—





THE YOUNG TRAMP.

Those Bosting boys were plucky, wife,
Yer know one of 'em saved my life,
Else I would not be here to-day.

'Twas when the "Black Horse Cavalcade"
Swept down upon our small brigade
I got the shot that made me lame,
When down on me a trooper came,
And this 'ere chap struck up his blade.

Poor feller! He was stricken dead;
The trooper's sabre cleaved his head.
Joe Billings was my comrade's name;
He was a Bosting boy, and game!
I almost wished I'd died instead.

Why, lad! what makes yer tremble so?
Your father! what, my comrade Joe?

THE YOUNG TRAMP.

And you his son? Come ter my heart!
My home is yours; I'll try, in part,
Ter pay his boy the debt I owe.

MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

El Dorado, 1851.

I'VE jest bin down ter Thompson's, boys,
 'N' feelin' kind o' blue,
I thought I'd look in at "The Ranch,"
 Ter find out what wuz new,
When I seen this sign a-hangin'
 On a shanty by the lake:
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
 Like yer mother used ter make."

I've seen a grizzly show his teeth;
 I've seen Kentucky Pete
Draw out his shooter 'n' advise
 A "tenderfoot" ter treat;

MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

But nuthin' ever tuk me down,
'N' made my benders shake,
Like that sign about the doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

A sort o' mist shut out the ranch,
'N' standin' thar instead
I seen an old white farm-house,
With its doors all painted red.
A whiff came through the open door—
Wuz I sleepin' or awake?
The smell wuz that of doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

The bees wuz hummin' round the porch
Whar honeysuckles grew ;
A yellow dish of apple sass
Wuz sittin' thar in view ;



MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

'N' on the table by the stove
An old-time "johnny-cake,"
'N' a platter full of doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

A patient form I seemed ter see,
In tidy dress of black ;
I almost thought I heard the words,
"When will my boy come back?"
'N' then—the old sign creaked ;
But now it wuz the boss who spake,
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used ter make."

Well, boys, that kind o' broke me up,
'N' ez I've "struck pay gravel,"
I ruther think I'll pack my kit,
Vamose the ranch, 'n' travel.

MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

I'll make the old folks jubilant,
'N', ef I don't mistake,
I'll try some o' them doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

“PRAY how is your daughter, friend Scroggins?

I hear that she had quite a fall
While dancing the German, last evening,
At Montague's *recherche* ball.

“I'm sorry Miss Laura was injured,

And hope that no serious harm
Will ensue from the fall; I assure you
Wife and I were quite filled with alarm.

“Those dresses with trails are a nuisance;

They didn't wear them in *our* day.
No wonder that accidents happen
With such things to get in one's way.

HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

“When *we* used to dance, my dear Scroggins,
There were no such ‘pullbacks’ as these
To mar our delight in the ‘mazy,’
And trip us, perchance, on our knees.

“You could balance, and go down the centre,
And dance the Virginia reel,
Without walking half up a panier,
With the bustle caught on to your heel.

“Mrs. Grundy called over this morning,
And said, with a smirk and grimace,
That Laura, last night at the party,
Was horribly banged round the face.

“So I thought I’d come over and ask you
If she was improving to-day,
And if we could be of assistance
In any conceivable way.

HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

“Mrs. Grundy said—” “Zounds, Mr. Jenkins,
Just tell Mrs. G. to be hanged!
There’s nothing the matter with Laura;
’Twas her hair, not her face, that was ‘banged.’”



ROLLER-SKATING.

IN FOUR ACTS.

ACT I.

“Ho, ho!” said careless Willie Gates;
“Who couldn’t learn on roller-skates?”

ROLLER-SKATING.

ACT II.

“Ah, ha!” said he, as on the floor
He struck out boldly for the door.

ACT III.

“So, so!” observed the roller-skates,
“We’ll interview young William Gates.”



ROLLER-SKATING.

ACT IV.

“Oh! Oo-o-o!” said Willie, meek and humble,
“I thought ’twas easy; *now I ‘tumble.’*”

THANKSGIVING.

WITHIN a garret, cold and forlorn,
A group is gathered Thanksgiving morn:

Father and mother, with children three—
One but a babe on the mother's knee.

Haggard and pale is the father's face,
Where lingering sickness has left its trace;

While the careworn look on the mother's brow
Tells of the sorrow upon her now.

THANKSGIVING.

Hungry and faint from the lack of food,
With scanty clothing, no coal nor wood;

A broken table, a bare pine floor—
What have they to be thankful for?

Thoughts like these to the parents come,
While sitting here in their cheerless home.

The children, nestled upon the bed,
A fragment of carpet over them spread,

Are blind to their parents' mute despair;
And the little girl, with a pitying air,

Says, "What do *poor* children do, I wonder,
With no warm carpet to cuddle under;



THANKSGIVING.

“No papa and mamma to give 'em bread,
And tuck 'em up when they go to bed?”

Tear-drops start from the father's eyes;
Prayers from the mother's lips arise.

* * * * *

Footsteps fall on the creaking floor;
A knock is heard on the chamber door.

A bluff “Good-morning” their query brings,
And, “Sambo, you rascal, fetch up the things!”

While the squire's darkey, with cheerful grin,
Food and clothing brings quickly in.

“Lord bless you, ma'am! why, who'd a knowed
That folks lived up in this 'ere abode?”

THANKSGIVING.

"'Tain't fit for a barn, 'n', ez I'm a sinner,
I'll take you all to my house to dinner.

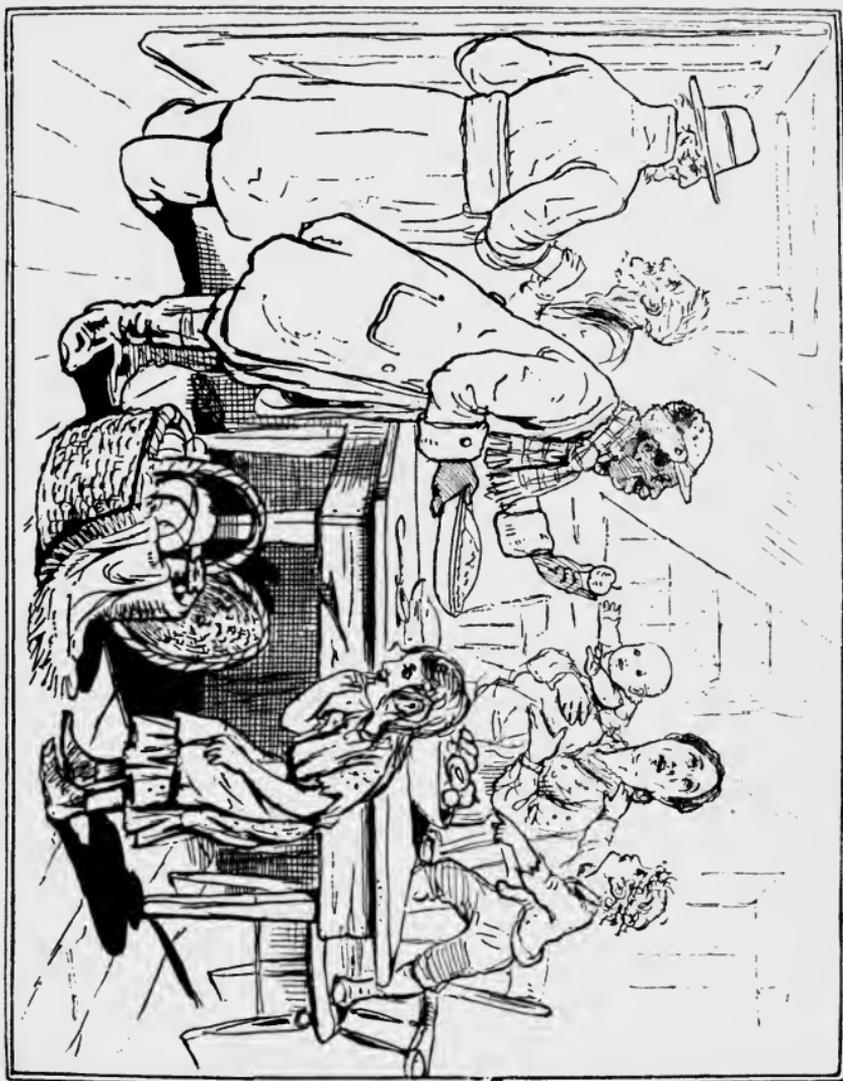
"I'll find you work when you're strong and well,
'N' a better place than this 'ere to dwell—"

And the squire paused, while a tear arose,
And dropped unseen on his ruby nose,

As the baby boy, with a happy look,
A rosy apple from Sambo took,

And the children gathered, with hungry eyes,
'Round the platter of doughnuts and pumpkin
pies;

While the grateful mother could only say,
"Truly, this *is* Thanksgiving Day!"



THE BUTCHER'S COURTSHIP.

“OH, my Mary Ann,” he side,
“Will you be my loving bride?
I cannot liver ’nother day without you.
Your bright smile lights up my heart,
Whisper yes, beefore we part,
And the tenderlines of love I’ll cast about you!”

Then the rascal, growing bolder,
Drew her head upon his shoulder,
While the ribbones on her bonnet fluttered free,
And fore-quarter of an hour
They reclined within the bower,
And she promised him she ever true would be.

THE BUTCHER'S COURTSHIP.

“Now,” says he, “I must be goin’—
Don’t you hear the cattle loin?
I can tarry here no longer, love, to-day;
You can steak a silver dollar
I shall be a steady caller;
Keep your pluck and spirits up while I’m away!”

Then he turned to cross a mead
Where the horned cattle feed,
And wasn’t paying very much attention
To the gender of the herd,
When there suddenly occurred
An accident he fain would never mention.

He chanced to look a round,
When towards him, with a bound,
Came their masculine protector o’er the lea;

THE BUTCHER'S COURTSHIP.

And so brisket seemed to him
That his chance was rather slim
To flank him, or to even shin a tree.

He was bull dosed, so to speak,
Sorely rumped, cowed and weak,
And will steer hereafter clear from bulls and cows.
The tail, alas! is sad;
Would'st shun a bull that's mad?
Then beware the quick contraction of his browse!

MY INFUNDIBULIFORM HAT.

THE scenes of my childhood, how oft I recall!
The sports of my youth, with my kite, top, and
ball;

And that happy day when, with spirits elate,
I took my first step towards manhood's estate,
With a new coat and vest, bosom shirt and cra-
vat,

And *début* with my infundibuliform hat.

How I stooped beneath awnings full seven feet
high,

To the no small delight of my friends passing
by;

MY INFUNDIBULIFORM HAT.

And the sport that I made for the boys at the
store
When I “chalked” at the height of my “tile”
on the door;
One foot and two inches—I think it was that—
My guess on that infundibuliform hat.



MY INFUNDIBULIFORM HAT.



Then my maiden attempt as a maiden's gallant
When I proffered my elbow, with glances aslant;
And the walk to her dwelling that evening so
fair,
Not to speak of the *tête-à-tête* when we got
there,

MY INFUNDIBULIFORM HAT.

The forfeit I claimed, as together we sat,
When she tried on my infundibuliform hat.

* * * * *

Well! boys will be boys, and we men, after all,
Would gladly be freed from Time's pitiless thrall,
And live those days over, when, single and free—
Zounds! wife's looking over my shoulder to see
What I have been writing. . . . Well, we've had
 a spat,
And she smashed my infundibuliform hat.

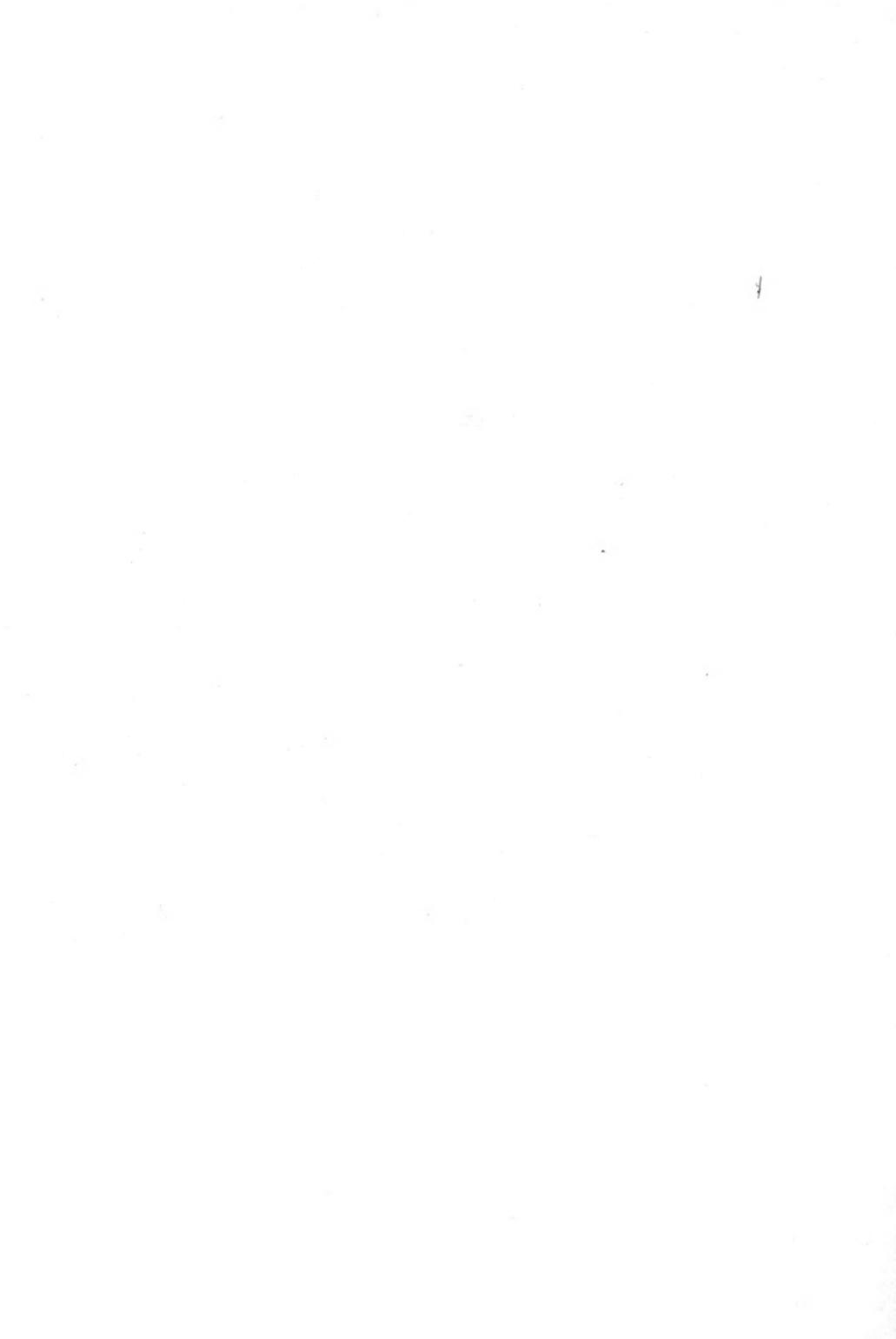
THE LITTLE CONQUEROR.

“‘Twas midnight; not a sound was heard
Within the’”—“Papa! won’t ’ou ’ook
An’ see my pooty ’ittle house?
I wis’ ’ou wouldn’t wead ’ou book”—

“‘Within the palace, where the king
Upon his couch in anguish lay’”—
“Papa! Pa-pa! I wis’ ’ou’d tum
An’ have a ’ittle tonty play”—

“‘No gentle hand was there to bring
The cooling draught, or bathe his brow;
His courtiers and his pages gone’”—
“Tum, papa, tum; I want ’ou *now*”—





THE LITTLE CONQUEROR.

Down goes the book with needless force,
And, with expression far from mild,
With sullen air and clouded brow,
I seat myself beside the child.

Her little trusting eyes of blue
With mute surprise gaze in my face,
As if in its expression stern
Reproof and censure she could trace.

Anon her little bosom heaves,
Her rosy lips begin to curl;
And with a quiv'ring chin she sobs,
"Papa don't 'uv' his 'ittle dir!"

King, palace, book—all are forgot;
My arms are 'round my darling thrown—
The thunder-cloud has burst, and lo!
Tears fall and mingle with her own.

MINE KATRINE.

You wouldn't dink mine *frau*,
If you shust look at her now,
Where der wrinkles on her prow
 Long haf been,
Vas der *fräulein* blump und fair,
Mit der wafy flaxen hair,
Who did vonce mine heart enshnare—
 Mine Katrine.

Der dime seems shord to me
Since ve game acrosd der sea,
To der gountry off der free
 Ve'd neffer seen;

MINE KATRINE.

Bud ve hear der beople say
Dhere vas vork und blendy bay,
So I shtarted righdt away
Mit Katrine.

Oh, der shoy dot filled mine house
Vhen dot goot oldt Toctor Krauss
Brought us "Leedle Yawcob Strauss,"
Shveet und clean;
Vhy, I don'd pelief mine eyes
Vhen I look, now, mit surbrise,
On dot feller, shust der size
Off Katrine!

Den "dot leedle babe off mine,"
He vas grown so tall und fine—
Shust so sdrait as any pine
You effer seen,

MINE KATRINE

Und der beoples all agree
Sooch fine poys dhey neffer see.
(Dhey looks much more like me
As Katrine.)

Vell, ve haf our criefs und shoys,
Und dhere's naught our lofe destroys,
Budt I miss dhose leedle poys
Dot used to been;
Und der tears vill somedime sdart,
Und I feels so sick at heart,
Vhen I dinks I soon must part
From Katrine.

Oldt Time vill soon pe here,
Mit his sickle und his shpear,
Und vill vhisper in mine ear
Mit sober mien:

MINE KATRINE.

“You must coom along mit me,
For id vas der Lord’s decree;
Und von day dhose poys you’ll see
Und Katrine.”



YAWCOB'S DRIBULATIONS.

MAYBE dot you don'd rememper,
Eighdeen—dwendy years ago,
How I dold aboutt mine Yawcob—
Dot young rashkell, don'd you know,
Who got schicken-box und measles;
Filled mine bipe mit Limburg scheeze;
Cut mine cane up indo dhrum-schticks,
Und blay all sooch dricks as dhese.

YAWCOB'S DRIBULATIONS.

Vell! dhose times dhey vas been ofer,
Und dot son off mine, py shings!
Now vas taller as hees fader,
Und vas oup to all sooch dhings
Like shimnastic dricks und pase-pall;
Und der oder day he say
Dot he boxes mit "adthledics,"
Somevheres ofer on Back Bay.



YAWCOB'S DRIBULATIONS.



Times vas deeferent, now, I dold you,
As vhen he vas been a lad;
Dhen Katrine she make hees drowers
Vrom der oldt vones off hees dad;
Dhey vas cut so full und baggy
Dot id dook more as a fool
To find oudt eef he vas going,
Or vas coming home vrom school.

YAWCOB'S DRIBULATIONS.

Now, dhere vas no making ofer
Off mine clothes to make a suit
For dot poy—der times vas schanged;
“Der leg vas on der oder boot;”
For vhen hees drowsers dhey gets dhin,
Und sort off “schlazy” roundt der knee,
Dot Mrs. Strauss she dake der sceessors
Und she cuts dhem down for me.



YAWCOB'S DRIBULATIONS.



Shust der oder day dot Yawcob
Gife me von eledric shock,
When he say he vants fife-hundord
To invesht in railroadt shtock.
Dhen I dell him id 'vas beddher
Dot he leaf der shtocks alone,
Or some feller dot vas schmardter
Dake der meat und leaf der bone.

YAWCOB'S DRIBULATIONS.

Und vhen I vas got oxcited,

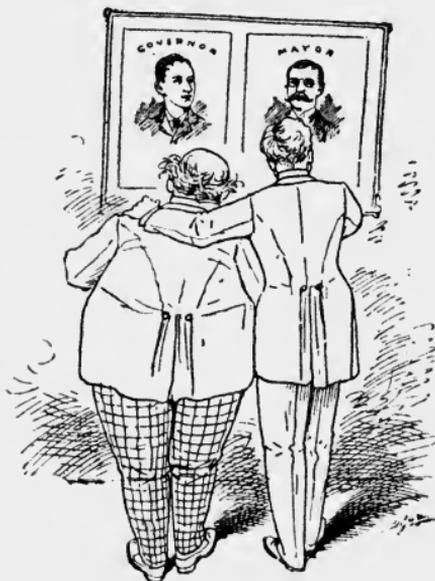
Und say he get "schwiped" und fooled,
Dhen he say he haf a "pointer"

Vrom soom friendts off Sage und Gould;
Und dot he vas on "rock bottom;"

Had der "inside track" on "Atch——"
Dot vas too mooch for hees fader,
Und I coom oup to der scratch.



YAWCOB'S DRIBULATIONS.



Dhen in bolitics he dabbles,
Und all qvedsions, great und schmall,
Make no deerferent to dot Yawcob—
For dot poy he knows id all.
Und he say dot dhose oldt fogies
Must be laid oup on der shelf,
Und der governors und mayors
Should pe young men—like himself.

YAWCOB'S DRIBULATIONS.

Vell! I vish I vas dransborted
To dhose days off long ago,
Vhen dot schaffer beat der milk-ban
Und schkydoodled droo der schnow.
I could sctand der mumbs und measles,
Und der ruckshuns in der house;
Budt mine presentd dribulations
Was too mooch for Meester Strauss.



VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

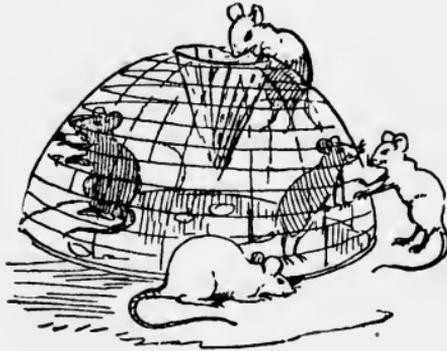
Vas marriage a failure? Vell, now, dot depends
Altogeddher on how you look at it, mine friends.
Like dhose double-horse teams dot you see at
der races,
It depends pooty much on der pair in der traces;
Eef dhey don'd pool togeddher rightd off at der
shtart,
Ten dimes oudt off nine dhey vas beddher apart.

VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

Vas marriage a failure? Der vote vas in doubt;
Dhose dot's oudt vould be in, dhose dot's in
vould be oudt:

Der man mit oxberience, good looks und dash,
Gets a vife mit some fife hundord dousand in
cash,

Budt, after der honeymoon, vhere vas der honey?
She haf der oxberience — *he* haf der money.



VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?



Vas marriage a failure? Eef dot vas der case,
Vot vas to pecome off der whole human race?
Vot you dink dot der oldt "Pilgrim faders"
 vould say,
Who came in dot Sunflower to oldt Plymouth
 Bay,
To see der fine coundtry dis peoples haf got,
Und dhen hear dhem ask sooch conondhrums
 as dot?

VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

Vas marriage a failure? Shust go, ere you tell,
To dot Bunker Mon Hillument, vhere Varren
fell;

Dink off Vashington, Franklin, und "Honest
Old Abe" —

Dhey vas all been aroundt since dot first Ply-
mouth babe.

I vas only a Deutscher, budt I tells you vot!

I pelief, every dime, in sooch "failures" as dot.



VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE!

Vas marriage a failure? I ask mine Katrine,
Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean.
Dhen she say: "Meester Strauss, shust come
here eef you blease,"
Und she take me where Yawcob und leedle
Loweeze
By dheir shnug trundle-bed vas shust saying
dheir prayer,
Und she say, mit some pride: "Dhere vas no
failures dhere!"





DER COMING MAN.

I WANT some invormashun, shust so qvickly vot
I can,
How I shall pring mine Yawcob oup to been der
coming man,
For cfery day id seem to me der brosbect look
der harder
To make dot coming man imbrove ubon dot going
fader.
'Tvas beddher he vas more like me, a Deutscher
blain und rude,
As to been abofe hees peesnis und grown oup to
been a dude.

DER COMING MAN.

I don'd oxshbeect dot poy off mine a Washington
to be,
Und schop mit hadchets all aroundt ubon mine
abbledree,
So he can let der coundtry know he schmardter
vas as I,
Und got scheap adverdising dot he don'd could
dell a lie :
Mine Yawcob lets der drees alone undil der fruit
dhey bear,
Und dhen dot feller he looks oudt und gets der
lion's share.



DER COMING MAN.



Some say 'tvas beddher dot you teach der young
ideas to shoot ;

Vell, I dink dis aboutd id : dot advice id vas no
goot!

Dot poy vonce dook hees broder oudt und dhey
blay Villiam Tell,

Budt Yawcob vas no shooter — he don'd do id
pooty vell ;

Dot arrow don'd go droo der core, budt id vent
pooty near —

Shust near enough to miss id und go droo hees
broder's ear.

DER COMING MAN.

He dravels mit hees buysickle in efery kind off
vedder,
Und dough he vas a demperance poy, somedimes
he dakes a "header":
I don'd know shust oxactly vot dot vas—'tis vorse
as bier—
Shust like he shtrike a cyglone und valk rightd
off on his ear!
I ask von time aboutd id, budt dot poy he only
grumble,
Und say I beddher try id vonce, dhen maybe I
vould "tumble."



DER COMING MAN.



Dot Yawcob says dot ve vas boor, und he wants
to be richer,
Und dot der coming man must been a virsd-glass
pase-pall pitcher ;
He say he must be "shtriking oudt" und try und
"make a hit,"
Und dells me I vas "off mine pase" vhen I makes
fun off it ;
Vhen I say he soon must baddle hees canoe "oudt
on der schwim,"
He say dot von off Hanlan's shells vas goot
enough for him.

DER COMING MAN.

Dot Shakesbeer say aboutt der son dot's broffigatē
und vild :

“How sharper as a serpent's thanks vas been der
toothless shild !”

(I got dot leedle dwisted ; I mean dot thankless
youth

He cuts hees poor oldt fader more as a serpent's
tooth.)

Und dhen der broverb dells us dot der shild he
must obey,

Und dot eef you should shpare der rod you shpoil
him rightt avay.



DER COMING MAN.



Vell, Yawcob he vas pooty goot—I guess I don'd
gomblain,
I somedimes vish, mineself, dot I vas been a poy
again.
I lets him blay mit pase-pall, und dake headers
vhile he can.
I prings him oup mit kindness, und I risk der
coming man.
Let neighbor Pfeiffer use der shtick, vhile Otto
howls und dances ;
I'll shpoil der rod und shpare der schild, I dink,
und dake der shances.

“NO SHILDREN IN DER HOUSE.”

Vagation dime vas coom again,
When dhere vas no more shgool;
I goes to boardt, der coundry oudt,
Where id vas nice und cool.
I dakes Katrina und Loweeze,
Und leedle Yawcob Strauss;
Budt at der boarding-house dhey dakes
“No shildren in der house.”

I dells you vot! Some grass don'd grow
Under old Yawcob's feet
Undil ve gets a gouple-a-miles
Or so vay down der shtreet.



"NO SHILDREN IN DER HOUSE."

I foundt oudt all I wanted—

For de resd I don'd vould care—

Dot boarding-blace vas nix for me

When dhere been no shildren dhere.

Vot vas der hammocks, und der shvings,

Grokay, und dings like dhese,

Und der hoogleperry bienics,

Mitoudt Yawcob und Loweeze?

It vas von shdrange conondhrum,

Dot vas too mooch for Strauss,

How all dhose beople shtandt id

Mit no shildren in der house.

"Oh, vot vas all dot eardthly bliss,

Und vot vas man's soocksess;

Und vot vas various kindt off dings,

Und vot vas habbiness?"

"NO SHILDREN IN DER HOUSE."

Dot's vot Hans Breitmann ask, von dime—

Dhey all vas embty soundt!

Dot eardthly bliss vas nodings

When dhere vas no shildren roundt.

* * * * *

When "man's soocksess," down here pelow,

Und "eardthly bliss" vas past,

Und in dot beddher blace abofe

Ve seek a home at last ;

Oh, may dhose "Gates off Paradise"

Shving open far und vide,

Und ve see dhose "Heafenly mansions"

Mit der shildren all inside.



HE GETS DHERE SHUST DER SAME!

Oldt Æsop wrote a fable, vonce,
Aboutt a boasting hare
Who say : "Vhen dhere vas racing
You can always find *me* dhere!"
Und how a tortoise raced mit him,
Und shtopped hees leedle game,
Und say : "Eef I don'd been so shpry,
I gets dhere shust der same!"

HE GETS DHERE SHUST DER SAME!

Dot vas der cases eferywhere;
In bolidics und trade,
By bersbiration off der brow
Vas how soocksess vas made.
A man may somedime "shdrike id rich,"
Und get renown und fame,
Budt dot bersbiration feller, too,
He gets dhere shust der same.

Der girl dot makes goot beeskits,
Und can vash und iron dings,
Maybe don'd been so lofely
As dot girl mit dimondt rings;
Budt vhen a *wife* vas vanted
Who vas id dot's to blame
Eef dot girl mitoudt der shewels
Should get dhere shust der same?

Dot schap dot leafes hees peesnis,
Und hangs roundt "Bucket Shops,"

HE GETS DHERE SHUST DER SAME!

To make den tollars oudt off von,

When grain und oil shtock drops;

May go away vrom dhere, somedimes,

Mooch poorer as he came.

“Der mills off God grind shlowly”—

Budt dhey get dhere shust der same.

Dhen neffer mindt dhose mushroom schaps

Dot shpring oup in a day;

Dhose reputations dhey vas made

By vork, und not by blay.

Shust poot your shoulder to der vheel,

Eef you vould vin a name,

Und eef der White House needs you—

You vill get dhere shust der same.



DOT LONG-HANDLED DIPPER.

DER boet may sing off "Der Oldt Oaken Bookit,"

Und in schveetest langvitch its virtues may tell,
Und how, vhen a poy, he mit eggdasy dook it,
Vhen dripping mit coolness it rose vrom der vell.

I don'd take some shtock in dot manner off trinking!

It vas too mooch like horses und cattle, I dink.
Dhere vas more sadisfactions, in my vay of dinking,

Mit dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

DOT LONG-HANDLED DIPPER.

“How schveet vrom der green mossy brim to
receive it”—

Dot vould soundt pooty goot—eef it only vas
true—

Der vater schbills ofer, you petter believe it!

Und runs down your schleeve, und schlops
indo your shoe.

Dhen down on your nose comes dot oldt iron
handle,



DOT LONG-HANDLED DIPPER.

Und makes your eyes vater so gvick as a vink.
I dells you dot bookit it don'd hold a candle
To dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der
sink.

How nice it musd been in der rough vinter
veddher,
When it settles rightdt down to a coldt, freezing
rain,
To haf dot rope coom oup so light as a feddher,
Und find dot der bookit vas proke off der chain,
Dhen down in der vell mit a pole you go fishing,



DOT LONG-HANDLED DIPPER.

While indo your back cooms an oldt-fashioned
kink;
I pet you mine life all der time you vas vishing
For dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der
sink.



How handy it vas schust to turn on der faucet,
Where der vater flows down vrom der schpring
on der hill!
I schust vas der schap dot vill always indorse it,
Oxspecially nighdts vhen der veddher vas chill.

DOT LONG-HANDLED DIPPER.

When Pfeiffer's oldt vell mit der schnow vas all
cofered,
Und he vades droo der schnow-drift to get him
a trink,



I schlips vrom der hearth, where der schiltren
vas hofered,
To dot long-handed dipper, dot hangs py der
sink.

DOT LONG-HANDLED DIPPER.

Dhen gife oup der bookits und pails to der horses,
Off mikerobes und tadpoles schust gife dhem
dheir fill!

Gife me dot pure water dot all der time courses
Droo dhose pipes dot run down vrom der
schpring on der hill.

Und eef der goot dings off dis vorld I gets rich in
Und frendts all aroundt me dheir glasses schall
clink,

I schtill vill remember dot oldt country kitchen,
Und dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der
sink.

THE TELL-TALE MIRROR.

SHE was sitting in the office of her husband's
down town store,
And waiting for his coming, as she oft had done
before,
When in a handglass on his desk,—Jerusha! she
was mad—
She saw these lines reflected, from a brand-new
blotting pad:



THE TELL-TALE MIRROR.

Dear Lizzy :
I will call again
at five this afternoon.
Be ready, as I expect my wife.
Wee come down very soon.

This was the way the letter ran,
and ended much like this:

From your little brother, W. Woodcock,
Charles Henry,
" (Was a kiss!)"

THE TELL-TALE MIRROR.

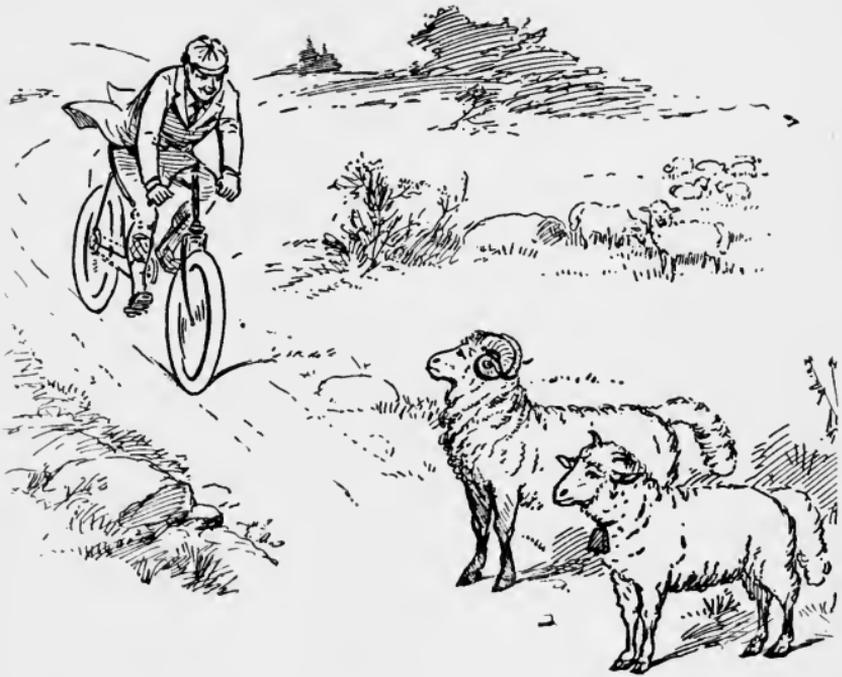
Should any reader wish to know what made his
wife so mad,

And what those brief reflections were, upon that
blotting pad;

And why a suit for a divorce was quickly brought
about—

Hold this before your looking-glass and you will
soon find out.





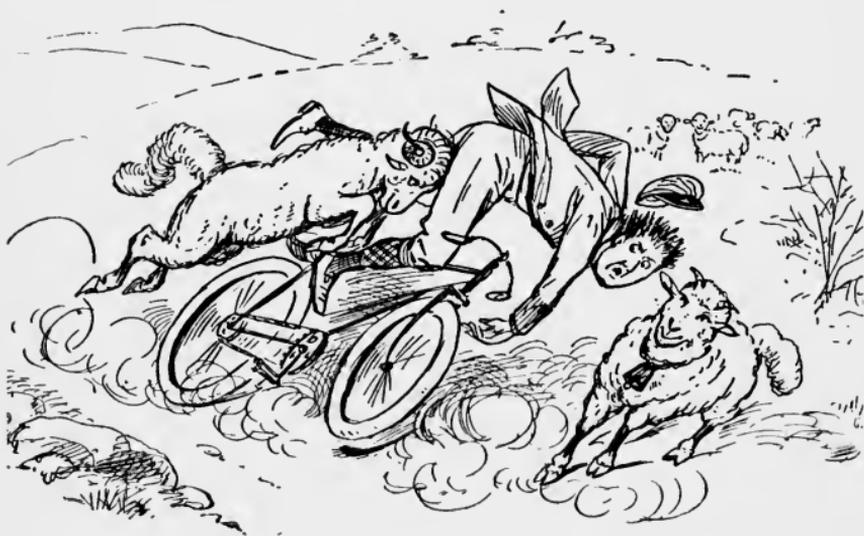
HE TOOK A HEADER.

They met in a field, 'mid the blooming heather;
A punster, a ram and an old bell-wether.

No cry of alarm did the young man utter,
He simply murmured: "I'll pass the butter."

HE TOOK A HEADER.

“And I’ll butt the passer,” observed the ram,
“I ain’t any Mary’s little lamb.”



“‘That tired feeling’ I’ll o’er him bring,
So often caused by ‘a forward spring.’”

HE TOOK A HEADER.

“I’ll give him ‘a header’ he will not like.”
And he “cast sheep’s eyes” at the youth and bike.



(W-h-i-s-h-! r-r-r-l-l-l!)

Sheep, bike and punster lay mingled together;
The youth was “a little under the wether.”

VERSIFIED PUNS.

Some running rhymes, neither profound nor wise,
To swell this book to a convenient size.

CRYPTOGAMIC.

AUGUSTUS and Nelly were walking
Through the meadow, one bright summer day,
And merrily laughing and talking,
When some toadstools they saw by the way.
“Do the toads really use these to sit on?”
Said Nelly—“now don’t make a pun, Gus,
If you do, like the subject we’ve hit on,
I’ll deem it the meanest of fun - Gus.”

VERSIFIED PUNS.

PENNY WISE.

“CAN you tell me,” said a punster
Who had in our sanctum popped,
And upon the floor was seeking
For a penny he had dropped—

“Can you tell me why, at present,
I am like Noah’s weary dove?”
And he glanced with inward tremor
Towards a gun that hung above.

“Would’st thou know?” he queried, blandly,
As he dodged the cudgel stout
Which we shied at him in anger—
“’Tis because I’m one cent out.”

ADVICE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

SCHPEND someding less as vot you earns;
Pay all der notes vhen dhey comes due;
Don’d you forget von half you learns,
Nor bite off dwice vot you can chew.

VERSIFIED PUNS.

A FLOORER.

SAYS Pat to his girl, "Be the Powers,
A conondhrum I hev fur ye, dear!
Why are ye like the goddess of flowers?
Sure ye nivir will guess it, I fear!

"The ansor I'll be afther givin':
Now thin, d'ye mind, me swate Nora?
It's two shtories high ye are livin',
That makes ye a rale second Flora!"

GOING THROUGH THE RYE.

SAYS the Captain to Pat,
"Come, I'll have none o' that!"
As Paddy of whiskey was drinking his fill.
With a satisfied sigh,
As he finished the "rye,"
Says Paddy, "Be Jabers, I don't think ye will!"

VERSIFIED PUNS.

ALL IN HIS EYE.

HE jumped on board the railway train,
And cried, "Farewell! Lucinda Jane,
 My precious, sweet Lucinda!"
Alas! how soon he changed his cry,
And, while the tear stood in his eye,
 He said, "Confound Loose Cinder!"

FALL POETRY.

A CERTAIN young woman, named Hannah,
Slipped down on a piece of banana;
 She shrieked, and oh - my'd!
 And more stars she spied
Than belongs to the star - spangled banner.

A gentleman sprang to assist her,
And picked up her muff and her wrister.
 "Did you fall, ma'am?" he cried;
 "Do you think," she replied,
"I sat down for the fun of it, Mister?"

VERSIFIED PUNS.

EARLY RISING.

“ . . . Rise with the lark,
And with the lark to bed—”

WHY for a pattern choose the lark—
Rise in the morn while yet 'tis dark,
And with the early bird to bed repair?
Why not take bruin for example?
Of promptness, pray, what better sample?
'Tis said there's nothing s'urly as a bear.

TIME'S CHANGES.

'Twas in Arabia's sunny land
He wooed his bonny bride;
His umber Ella, rain or shine,
Was ever by his side;
But now he does not Kaffir her,
No love tale does he tell her;
He'd fain Bedouin something else—
Alas! poor Arab - Ella.

VERSIFIED PUNS.

THE BACHELOR'S CONSOLATION.

OH, dear ! this gout and rheumatiz,
I fear I shall go wild !
But though I am a bachelor,
And have no chick nor child,
I know that when I am no more—
Let folks say what they please—
Although I have no kith nor kin,
I'll have my leg - at - ees.

PAT'S LOGIC.

“THE greatest burd to foight,” says Pat,
“Barring the agle, is the duck ;
He has a foine large bill to peck,
And plinty of rale Irish pluck.

“And, thin, d'ye moind the fut he has ?
Full as broad over as a cup ;
Show me the fowl upon two ligs
That's able fer to thrip him up !”

VERSIFIED PUNS.

HOME MEMORIES.

“Be it ever so humble,
There’s no place like home!”

I’M sitting again ’neath the old elm - tree’s shade,
And viewing the fields where in childhood I
 strayed ;
The breeze fans my cheek, and the birds go and
 come,
While I listen, entranced, to the bee’s soothing hum.

Hum, hum—sweet, sweet hum !
Tho’ it ever so humble - bee—
—!!—!!!* * * He’s stung me I vum !

COUNTRY SOUNDS.

THE humming of the bees,
Wafted on the scented breeze,
And the robin’s tender notes are very fine ;
But sweeter, far, to me
Than the humming of the bee
Is the melting tender loin’ of the kine.



VERSIFIED PUNS.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

"'Im sitting on this tile, Mary,"
He said, in accents sad,
Removing from the rocking - chair
The best silk hat he had ;
And while he viewed the shapeless mass,
That erst was trim and neat,
He murmured, " Would it had been felt
Before I took my seat !"

ALMOST AN ARGONAUT.

'Twus in the fall of 'forty - nine
The gold fever broke out,
'N' I'd hev been a pioneer
Without the slightest doubt,
But Molly, here, took on 'n' said,
" Ar go naut, dearest Joe !"
I thought I'd argy not with her,
So, boys, I didn't go.

VERSIFIED PUNS.

WHAT'S HONOR.

ASK not the soldier in the battle's van,
Nor yet the statesman, uncorrupt as gold,
But her beneath your own roof-tree, who can,
And will most willingly, to you unfold
The secret. Bid her mark your neighbor's wife
When she her ample wardrobe seeks, to don her
Fine garments; when she reappears, my life
I'll stake, your better half can tell what's on her.

CASABIANCA.

THE boy stewed on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
And when they shouted, "Leave the wreck!"
He turned and hotly said,
"I'm goin' down with this 'ere ship—
Hulk, mast, jib-boom, and spanker;
And when I've made my briny trip,
You'll find Casa-by-anchor."

VERSIFIED PUNS.

SHARP SHOOTING.

“I'M an archer, dear, no longer,”
Said a maiden fair and bright
To her beau, with lip a - quiver—
“Webster says, ‘Toxophilite.’”

Then she gave her beau a narrow,
Searching glance, with pert grimace,
While he thought his love was archer
Than Diana in the chase.

“William Tell me how you like it;”
“Well enough,” replied the wight;
“It is true, among the archers,
Oftentimes, talk's awful light.”

THE END.

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